ART EXHIBITION CATALOGUES REPUBLISHED ON MICROFICHE

BY

Chadwyck-Healey Ltd
45 South Street
Bishops Stortford
Herts CM23 3AG
England

Somerset House
417 Maitland Avenue
Teaneck
New Jersey 07666
USA

Date of publication and production of master: 1975

Series: The purpose of this series is to make available those catalogues that have lasting interest through their text or their illustrations. Catalogues and cumulations of titles in the series are available from the publishers.

Serial numbers: Each title is given a seven-figure serial number placed in the top right hand corner of the microfiche title strip. This is an accession number. The first figure indicates the number of the list in which the title first appears; the first three-figure group signifies the gallery or museum; the second three-figure group the accession number for that title.

Copyright: The microfiche edition is the copyright of Chadwyck-Healey Ltd, 1975.

Technical data:

Producing laboratory: Micromedia Ltd, Kidlington, Oxford

ROUAULT

Rouault

An exhibition of paintings, drawings and
documents arranged by
the Arts Council of Great Britain
in association with
the Edinburgh Festival Society.

The Arts Council 1966

Acknowledgments

Major exhibitions of the work of Georges Rouault have been held since 1958, the year of his death, in America, Austria, Belgium, Canada, France, Germany, Japan and Switzerland but this is the first representative selection to be shown in Great Britain. The exhibition has been organized by the Arts Council for the Edinburgh Festival 1966 and the works have been selected for them by Mr John Russell in consultation with the artist's daughter, Mademoiselle Isabelle Rouault. Mademoiselle Rouault has not only obtained for us many loans which would not otherwise have been available but has also been closely concerned with other aspects of the preparation of the exhibition. Her friendly co-operation and her intimate knowledge of her father's work have been of inestimable value. Mr Russell has contacted personally most of the lenders to the exhibition and has, moreover, prepared the catalogue and written the introduction on p. 6. We are deeply grateful to them both. We also thank Mrs John Russell who, though suffering from the results of a serious accident, has selected and written the captions for the documentary section.

More than half of the loans come from public and private collections in France. We should like to thank first the private collectors in that country, for among them are members of the artist's family (they prefer to remain anonymous) who have parted with many of their treasured possessions, some of them the finest and least known works in the exhibition. Their generosity is also reflected in the magnificent contribution of over fifty unfinished works from the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris which they have presented to the museum. These throw an entirely new light on the artist's *oeuvre*. The Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris has lent fifteen small masterpieces, Monsieur and Madame Marcel Poignard have lent two gouaches not previously exhibited and we have been able to include six works from the Leclercq collection and *The Old Clown* from the Stavros S. Niarchos collection. Nineteen pictures have been contributed from public and private collections in the United States and we are especially indebted to the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and to Dr and Mrs Harry Bakwin and Mr and Mrs Richard L. Frank, besides the museums of Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Hartford, Los Angeles and the Carnegie Art Institute at Pittsburgh. The Vatican Museums, Rome, have contributed a late landscape and loans have also been made from museums and collections in Belgium, Germany, The Netherlands and Switzerland as well as this country. The names of all the lenders will be found on a later page in this catalogue.

We are indebted to His Excellency the French Ambassador in London and Monsieur Jean Lequiller, Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy, and to the Association Française d'Action Artistique and its Director, Monsieur Philippe Erlanger, for their support. We acknowledge with gratitude the assistance of Monsieur Bernard Dorival, Conservateur of the Musée National d'Art Moderne, in the practical arrangements for the French loans and we also thank Mr John Baskett of Colnaghi's, Miss Renée Cameron of the French Embassy in London, and the Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio, for their co-operation in various ways.

The Arts Council is grateful to the Trustees of the Tate Gallery and its Director, Mr Norman Reid, for the continued hospitality of its galleries as well as for the loan of its pictures, and to Mr Michael Brawne, M Arch (MIT), AA Dip, ARIBA, who has designed the setting and lighting for the exhibition in London.

Gabriel White
Director of Art
The Arts Council

Introduction

by John Russell

Some painters have to battle with their inheritance: others have only to make intelligent use of it. Rouault comes into the second of these classes. His father was a cabinet-maker and on his mother's side his grandfather was a man with an enlightened taste for the painting of his own time. His father lived simply and unpretentiously and never opened his mouth on the subject of art. But he set his son an example of fastidious fine craftsmanship, and when Georges Rouault was of an age to choose his profession he instinctively took to something that could be done superlatively well with his hands. His grandfather died when Rouault was fourteen, but he had known him long enough, and lived enough in his company, to orient himself in the direction of the painters whom Alexandre Champdavoine had singled for him. These were not the popular heroes of the day, but Daumier, Courbet, and Manet; and in an age when the concept of the *musée imaginaire* was still a long way from being invented Rouault as a schoolboy got to know the quayside bookstalls along the Seine where engravings 'by or after' his grandfather's favourites could still be picked up for a shilling or two.

His grandfather lived in the Marais which then, even more than now, was the headquarters of the Parisian craftsman. Rouault spent a lot of time there, but his own local allegiances were in Belleville, a working-class quarter some way to the north. He was born there on May 27, 1871, in circumstances which no novelist could better. It was at the time of the Commune, and Paris was under bombardment by Government troops. Belleville was, in fact, being shelled at the very moment when Rouault's mother felt the first pangs of childbirth; and when a shell struck one wall of the house she was carried down to the cellar. Her father came home half-expecting them to be all dead. 'Not a bit of it', said the concierge, 'There's one more of them since you went out.'

From the moment of birth, therefore, Rouault was presented with the fact which is the central theme of his career: *Homo homini lupus*. Man is a wolf to man. Nature, in Rouault's work, is not essentially hostile: hostility is a matter of man's relations with other men, and it must always be counted upon. One defence against this is the specifically Parisian turn of mind which Rouault acquired by inheritance. The Paris in question is not that of Passy and the Champs-Elysées: it is the proletarian Paris of which Belleville is one of the great representatives. The proletariat in question is not the *Lumpenproletariat* of political legend: it is a collection of irreducible individuals, each with his particular pride, his racy and disrespectful habits of speech, and his capacity to judge people and things on their merits and without prejudice. These were the people with whom Rouault felt a lifelong solidarity. He knew what an aristocrat was, and he knew that, as he wrote in *Stella Vespertina*, 'the artist can be at one and the same time a man of the people and an aristocrat'. He himself was a case of this sort: but his was a committed career, and the commitment was on the side of the people he had been born among.

Rouault began to draw at the age of five. But the chalk-marks on the red tiled floor of his grandfather's kitchen did not amount to an instantaneous vocation, and when at the age of fourteen he had to set about making a living he was apprenticed to a stained-glass maker. It was dull work, for the most part: the stained glass then in vogue was, in effect, a form of counterfeit painting: a compounded absurdity as remote from the glass of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as from the painting which Rouault had been brought up to admire. The only consolation of his work at this time was the opportunity of studying, during his lunch-break, some copies of medieval windows which his master had once made: and many years later, in the evil autumn of 1940, he published a eulogy of these windows, and of the colours within them, which is as much a guide to his own tastes in colour as an essay in patriotic defiance. Speaking of the purity and candour of the glass on which he had often cut his fingers, he itemized the 'reds, subdued or flamboyant, the golden yellows, the milleniary ultramarines, deep as the waves of the Pacific . . .' and went on to write of the riches of visual and manual experience which, in France, had been hoarded as if within a single family and passed on from father to son and from master to disciple.

We can all recapture the colours in question within Rouault's own practice as a painter. But it does not do, all the same, to exaggerate the influence of his apprenticeship. Rouault was not by any means a stained-glass maker who turned to painting as an alternative. Nor did he push his knowledge of medieval glass to the level reached by many a conventional tourist: in 1925, for instance, he wrote to André Suarès that he had never been to Chartres. He was born to be a *painter*, and he knew it. The problem was: how to get through to painting. He could have made a living with stained glass – Albert Besnard asked him to carry out a large scheme to his designs – and when he told his employer that he was going to leave and take up painting he was offered a threefold and then a fourfold rise in salary. But he refused: the years of drawing at the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs in the evenings (he worked from 7 am till 7 pm at his stained glass) had given him too strong an appetite for another way of life.

In December 1890 Rouault enrolled at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. His first master there was Elie Delaunay; after Delaunay's death in September 1891 Gustave Moreau was appointed as his successor, and there began one of the most famous episodes in the history of French art-education. Moreau's students included not only Rouault but Matisse, Marquet, Henri Evenepoel the short-lived Belgian, Léon Lehmann, Henri Baignères and Simon Bussy, to whom we owe our best likenesses of Gide and Valéry. The 'class of Moreau' had its full quota of dullards and brutes, but the essential thing is that Moreau knew how to treat every member of the class as if he was a person of unique value whose individual powers must somehow be liberated. This is a rare and beautiful gift at any time, and in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of the 1890s it was unique. He set his students free to be themselves. ('Don't be so respectful', he would say, 'Just love me a little. That's what matters.') At a time when naturalism of one kind or another was in the ascendant, he taught his students to respect

their inner vision. At a time when other masters at the school tended to regard their own work as the summit of European art he made it, if anything, difficult for his students to see what he was doing and urged them to make copies in the Louvre. At a time when the hierarchies of art-history were believed to have been fixed once and for all, he would tell his students that 'We cannot always draw our inspirations from the purest of sources. A school in its declining days may have much that is useful, and sometimes much that is profitable, for us to learn from. Poussin drew heavily on the Bolognese School, and the Bolognese School was not one of the summits of European painting, but Poussin knew how to go beyond it.'

But it was above all on the human level that Moreau was irreplaceable. He knew exactly what was best for every one of his students. He did not, for instance, have any great faith in prizes as such, and he had still less faith in the people who awarded them. But as most of his students had no money of their own, and as the prize-network was the surest way to 'get on' in the 1890s, he encouraged Rouault to put in for the Prix Chenavard, which he won, and for the Prix de Rome, which he did not. Rouault worked very hard at the huge *machines* which were demanded of every competitor – up to fifteen hours a day on the 'Dead Christ' of 1895 – but he was never within reach of getting the Prix de Rome. ('Never mind,' said Moreau, 'you went in on a thoroughbred, whereas I in my youth went in on a donkey.')

Rouault could have gone on trying for the Prix de Rome till he was thirty – till 1901, that is to say – but after the competition of 1895 Moreau told him that there was no point in his spending ten or eleven weeks of every year on a task which did not suit him and with which he would never succeed. 'Work at home,' was his advice, 'and work for yourself.' Twenty-five years later Rouault wrote to Suarès of how, in 1895, he had decided to 'let everything else go hang for a year or two'. In the 'Night Landscape' of 1897, which should figure in any list of the great paintings of the French nineteenth century, this policy was proved to be the right one. But in April 1898 Gustave Moreau died of cancer and Rouault, like Matisse, was left guideless and rudderless. No formal tribute to Moreau could, indeed, be half as eloquent as the effect of his death upon these two powerful natures, both of whom had in normal times an exceptional self-sufficiency.

He had now, and would have from thereafter, no one but himself on whom to rely. 'Father Moreau', he wrote to Suarès in 1913, 'used to reproach me for not sleeping enough, for being too much on the alert, night and day . . . Well, I've been on the alert since the day of his death, and I don't reproach myself for overdoing it. I am better aware of the limits of my own powers, and I'm not tempted to go far beyond them. I don't let it preoccupy me, but I know, in so far as can really know anything at all, the territory within which I have to live.' 'Everything has to be paid for,' he went on, 'and for ten years I have refused every distraction, every outward pleasure (what the world calls pleasure). I could have gone to see the Dutch masters, and the Flemish, and the Italians, in their original surroundings, and it wouldn't have cost me a penny, but I should have had to keep company with fashionable people, and that is something I don't care for. I have had, instead, the delight of knowing that I was truly *alone*, and that I was breathing unpolluted air, and that before long my agonies will be transformed into the joys of creativity, despite the difficulties that more than once seemed likely to overwhelm me.'

Rouault spoke also of the former students who had got themselves in society, and in their profession, while he himself had to all appearances been straying this way and that in search of self-knowledge: 'not the self-knowledge that comes from discussion and verbiage and "analysis", but the kind that comes from suffering and in suffering, in life and from life, far from snobbery and artificiality. What counts is truth to oneself and whole-hearted, whole-souled *effort*.'

That was how it looked to him in 1913. It was a characteristically unsparing account of a period in which he had painted a great many very fine pictures, made a singularly happy marriage and captured the interest of more than one lifelong supporter. He was his own man, and no one else's. He had not, admittedly, had anything like the sustained attention which, by 1913, had come the way of Matisse, Braque, Picasso and one or two others. He had not had the exhilaration of working in company with equals, as had been the good fortune of Derain and Vlaminck from 1901 onwards, or of Picasso and Braque when they laid the foundations of cubism. Nor had he someone to look after his interests, as D.-H. Kahnweiler looked after the interests of Picasso, Braque, Leger and Gris; and his friends, though staunch, were not able to back him as Matisse was backed by his Russian and American admirers. Moreau's prophecy had come true: 'My poor Rouault, I can read your future. With your absolute single-mindedness, your passion for work, your love of the unusual in paint-structure – all your essential qualities, in fact – you will be more and more a figure on your own.'

Rouault's difficulties arose in part because he lost Moreau's guidance at a time when he was at a moment of transition. He was still very much under the direct influence of the Old Masters, and yet he knew that he must break through to a style of his own: without that style, he could not say what he had to say. The *Night Landscape* of 1897 had shown that it was possible to combine a love of the Old Masters with a new vision of the world: but once Moreau was dead this vision faded, and Rouault turned back to work on a smaller scale that was less distinctively his own. 'At that time', he wrote later in *Stella Vespertina*, 'I could easily have set up a school of my own. People wanted me to do it, but I considered that in my late twenties I knew too little of the world and too little of art. I wanted to try (people reproached me bitterly with this afterwards, but it may well be my only good point) not to get carried away by my feeling for certain of the Old Masters. I wanted to do this despite (in fact, *because of*) my admiration for them.' 'Certain cycles in art', he went on, 'have been so completely fulfilled that there is no more to be said, unless one manages to give them a new turn.'

This was the problem behind the small-scale works of 1898–1902. 'If Raphael came back to earth, he would certainly not do all over again what he had done before. People who imitate him are doing something that is as erroneous as it is pointless': obvious as this may sound today, it was sedition in the mouth of an ex-student of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. What Rouault needed was, first, one or two examples of how a big painter could actually

get free from the past and, second, subject-matter so imperious that it would force him to formulate his own style for himself. Before long he had both of these: the first primarily from his experience as a regular visitor to Ambroise Vollard's shop in the rue Laffitte, and the second from the wider exposure to life which came his way in his early thirties. At Vollard's he saw, for instance, Gauguin's *Yellow Christ* of 1889; and as a young man on his own in Paris he began to see sides of existence for which he had had no room, and no time, when he was occupied with the routine of classroom and close-knit family circle.

The two things needed co-ordinating, all the same. In small pictures like nos. 9 to 13 in this exhibition Rouault allowed the natural intensity of his nature to come through, but the big subjects were still lacking. He saw the shortcomings of a purely naturalistic art, and he saw the shortcomings of a would-be High Art which took no account of how life was actually lived: but the alternative still escaped him. His own adjustment to society was incomplete, also: and in 1901 he went to live for a while near the Benedictine abbey of Ligugé, not far from Poitiers. Ligugé was the centre of an experiment in withdrawal from what Rouault later called 'the farce of Paris'. A small group of friends, with J.-K. Huysmans as their leader, had decided to form a community in which selfless, unsparing, dedicated work was predominant: any kind of publicity and all deference to officialdom were outlawed. Rouault believed throughout his life that it was dangerous for an artist to have too much to do with men of letters, but Huysmans was only the first (Suarès, Léon Bloy, and Jacques Maritain were to follow soon after) of the writers whom he came to know well. It was natural, in any case, that he should be drawn to Huysmans, for Huysmans had devoted to Gustave Moreau some of the most spectacular pages in all French art-writing (and he had on his walls at Ligugé 'a little Cézanne, no bigger than your hand').

But the little community had a life of only six months. In July 1901 religious communities were banned by law, and by October even the most stubborn adherents (of whom Rouault was one) had decided to give in and go back to Paris. Born and bred a Parisian, he had already and instinctively got into the habit of seeing the whole world, past, present, and future, in terms of Paris: Jerusalem in terms of Belleville, the Flight into Egypt in terms of landscapes in the Ile de France or the Seine-et-Marne, and a whole repertory of symbolic figures in terms of the Parisians with whom he was in contact every day. The Paris of Rouault is like the Paris of Proust: it is ageless and eternal and yet specifically of the artist's own time. Already as a student he had watched the butchers as their huge carts trundled up the rue des Fourneaux, and the clowns on parade at the Fete de Grenelle; and now, in the first years of the century, he found ways of introducing them into his art. Maritain some years later invented a category for Rouault: that of *les timides explosifs*. And from 1903 onwards explosiveness got the upper hand of timidity.

Rouault was not strong (in 1902–3 he had to make two lengthy visits to the country for his health) and he was not at all rich. But from 1903 onwards he had a small permanent income (2,400 francs a year, at a time when a franc was the price of a passable dinner) as curator of the newly-established Musée Gustave Moreau in the rue de la Rochefoucauld: and he could, had he so wished, have walled himself up in that mysterious house and painted, as Moreau had done, from his inner vision alone. His *Salome* and his *Orpheus and Eurydice*, both of 1900, might have led naturally to this.

Instead, he turned to life as it was actually lived: and, more specifically, to the human deterioration which Society produces. To a certain extent he was encouraged and paralleled in this by his writer-friends, and above all by Léon Bloy. But fundamentally the impulse and the particular kind of comment were his own. The first of the great series of 1903–14 was concerned with the street-women of Montmartre. Others had to do with the circus, the street-fair, and the law-courts. Individual types – the motorist, the orator, the financier and the fop – contributed to the buffoons' gallery which is probably the least-known department of Rouault's work.

To say what he had to say about all these people, Rouault dropped altogether the old-masterly procedures of the previous decade. Working on paper instead of on canvas, and using an idiosyncratic mixture of water-colour, gouache, pastel, pencil, and ink, he worked towards a maximum immediacy of expression. Moreau's students had been reproached in the 1890s for the way in which they 'underpainted, glazed, scratched, scumbled, polished and stylized' their forms. Take away the word 'stylized' and the phrase will apply very well to Rouault's activity in his first years of complete independence.

Nothing could be further from the solemn, hushed, withdrawn atmosphere of nos. 7 and 8 in this exhibition than the plain speaking of no. 19, the *Fallen Eve* of 1905, or of no. 22, the *Drunken Woman* of the same year. Rouault himself knew exactly (see, in this context, the catalogue note to no. 19) what he was dealing with, and how far it differed from the accepted subject-matter of Salon painting. But much of what has been written by others about the physical and moral hideosity of the *Filles* seems to me wide of the mark. The point of these paintings is not that these women were a race apart. It is that all human bodies deteriorate, and that they deteriorate with particular rapidity when they are unloved. The deterioration in the case of the *Filles* is the more evident in that it is exposed in the line of professional duty; but we deceive ourselves if we think that the fatality in question does not apply equally to women who land up in *Who's Who*. No one is exempt, though love and an active intelligence may impose the maximum delay.

In painting the *Filles*, the Clowns, the Wrestlers, the Bare-Back Riders and other variants of the professional entertainer, Rouault often took as his basic tonality a deep, sunken, underwater blue which he derived as much from Cézanne as from his memories of medieval glass. The actual drawing was, on the other hand, as remote as possible from Cézanne's dedicated charting of planes. One would have to jump forward in time to de Kooning's paintings of women to find a comparable drive and a cognate freedom of reference in the marks which, taken together, add up to the rictus of a face from which spontaneous expression has long been banished. A number of oil-on-paper works in the section of unfinished paintings may also be adduced in this connection; but when it came to works on canvas Rouault turned to altogether more pondered procedures. In the marvellous *Christ Mocked* of 1912, no. 37, Rembrandt is clearly the inspiration, and we

remember that Moreau once said to his class that he would give all he possesses for 'a tiny fragment of Rembrandt's incomparable mud'. But the fifteen years of which Rouault wrote so summarily in 1913 were the years, also, during which he discovered Cézanne. The extent to which he identified himself with Cézanne can be judged from the prose-poem on the subject which he contributed to the *Mercure de France* in February 1910. But equally eloquent are paintings like the *Two Peasants*, no. 33, and the *Two Nudes*, no. 30, both of which date from around 1910. In paintings such as these Rouault was consistently rejecting the easy thing, and the thing with which he could have had a quick success. A year later, for instance, he wrote to Suarès of his pleasure at having overheard someone say of one of his paintings that 'It's beautiful, because it's ugly': and there is, in effect, a steady toughening of the means of expression as we advance from paintings like the delicious *Baigneuses* of 1903, no. 15, or the even more voluptuous *Nude (sketch)*, no. 20, of two years later to the Cézannesque pieces in which a moral imperative seems to weight every movement of the brush. Not everyone could be expected to care for the change, and not everyone did: 'good taste' was ourtaged. But then Rouault had his own ideas on that subject: 'There are times', he wrote in *Stella Vespertina*, 'when our French good taste rigs up a barbed-wire fence round the notion of art. And that good taste derives from a rhetoric so base, so elementary, that if Poussin himself were to visit one of our official Salons he would search in vain for the meaning of the "order" and the "proportion" which people are always talking about. At all times, and under every imaginable regime, those same people have condemned whatever has been thought through with a bit of energy and is remote from the ideas of the day . . .'

But it was not only the natural enemies of the new who disliked Rouault's work during these crucial years. People like Léon Bloy, whom he knew and admired, turned away from it. 'Patrons' who had smiled upon him in his beginnings were put off by the subject-matter of some paintings and, doubtless, by the uncompromising roughness of the execution of certain others. 'When I came to live in Versailles', Rouault wrote to Suarès in 1912, 'I was still full of illusions about people. But now it is with a slightly disdainful irony and just a touch of pity (more than they'd have for me, in all probability) that I watch the winds of admiration and enthusiasm as they shift towards another quarter. You should see how frightened are our well-to-do friends at the idea that I might say to them "We are dying of hunger" . . . I've seen several "enthusiasts" run from me in terror when I did no more than just tell them how I am placed at this moment. If they knew me better they would realise that *never, never,* even if my children were dying in destitution, would I turn to them.'

It was only natural that the unpopularity of his paintings should set Rouault thinking of other ways of earning a living. Through the ceramist Metthey he came to make the plump, glistering pots and jars which turned out ideally well. He began to try his hand at engraving and lithography, also, and he very much resented it if people suggested that these activities were not every bit as meritorious as painting. 'We are surrounded with such ignoramuses', he wrote in 1912, 'that I have heard painters who pass for intelligent men ascribe a senseless importance to the mere fact of painting a canvas. A potter who really loves his work, or the author of a first-rate etching or engraving, are artisans of an inferior rank, in their view.' Inferior or not, his work as ceramist and print-maker was very much admired when, in 1910, he had his first one-man show at the Galerie Druet. In fact it was almost too much admired: 'Bonnard – though I don't know him – is the only man,' he wrote later, 'who didn't go overboard about my ceramics at Druet's, and insisted on the paintings instead . . .' And before long he was looking forward to the time when ceramics could take second place.

What he was looking for was, in fact, an opportunity of making a sustained and panoramic comment on the world as he had seen it. Growing up in the *Faubourg des longues peines*, overwhelmed as a young man by the brutish cruelty of Parisian night-life, sensitive as ever to the fugitive poetry of the circus and the street-fair, and a close student in 1907–8 of the sinister buffoonery of 'justice', he had assembled a vast repertory of themes and images. Their very abundance was an embarrassment to him. He could make isolated statements of enormous power, like nos. 17, 19, 22, 27 and 37 in this exhibition; and he could also work to superlative effect on the scale of epigram. What was lacking was the form that would allow him to express *everything* that he had experienced: to combine in one and the same panorama the compassion, the comedy, the irony, the detached observation and the sense of blazing indignation which occur independently of one another in paintings done between 1897 and 1913.

A vital year in this connection is 1913, when Ambroise Vollard bought his entire production to date. Vollard had known Rouault since 1907, when he was introduced to him by Metthey the ceramist, and Rouault had for years been going to Vollard's shop in search of the paintings which could be seen there and nowhere else. It was in many ways a great thing to be singled out by the man who had stood up for Cézanne and Pissarro and Degas; and it could be said that from 1917 until his death in a motorcar accident in 1939 Vollard kept Rouault free from the more mundane forms of anxiety. In 1917 he made a studio for him at 28 rue Martignac, and he not only took over his entire output as a painter but commissioned from him the projects for grand-scale illustrated books which, but for him, might have found no sponsor. All this might seem an unmixed blessing, but the arrangement was fraught with difficulties and dangers, some of them atrributable to Vollard's own nature and some to Rouault's method of work. Vollard liked to take pictures and hoard them. Rouault welcomed the chance to keep pictures by him and work and re-work them for years together. Relieved of the necessity of putting pictures on exhibition, he completed fewer and fewer, in the first years of his association with Vollard, and showed none at all. When Charensol, for instance, wanted to bring his documentation up to date before publishing his book on Rouault in the 1920s it was all he could do to get his eyes on the paintings which Vollard had been stock-piling year by year.

Moreover the work of print-making was so intensely absorbing that Rouault for years together was unable to give to painting as much time as he would have liked. He was described by one of his friends as 'a voluntary prisoner, shut up from dawn to dusk for years on end without a holiday, working all day long on the premises of a dealer who spied on him and kept spurring him forward'. It

could therefore be argued that the contract between the two was a form of human bondage. Be that as it may, it certainly conditioned the nature of Rouault's output between 1917 and 1930; and when he returned to painting with renewed vigour and enthusiasm in the 1930s it was with an idiom, and a vision, which the experience of printmaking had done much to form. The fifty-eight plates for *Miserere* form a repertory of themes on which he drew over and over again in his paintings. The *Cirque de l'Etoile Filante*, the *Reincarnations du Père Ubu*, the *Paysages Legendaires* and the seventeen plates for Suarès's *Passion* constitute, likewise, a parallel *oeuvre* which cross-refers continually to the paintings. Altogether, therefore, the intervention of Vollard was a capital event in Rouault's life, even if the price paid was very heavy.

From 1914 onwards Rouault's vision turned increasingly inwards. The immediate experience of 1903–13 had found its own mode of expression: a rapid, nervous, complex and incisive idiom. Quite apart from the direct experience of life, there was the direct experience of great art: of Cézanne, above all, who influenced Rouault around 1909–1911 to the extent of breaking down, almost, the formal language which Rouault had built up with such care. Cézanne's attitude to the world had also its effect upon Rouault. 'That great and solitary worker was never exposed to the indignity of official recognition', he once wrote, and indeed he retained into extreme old age a contempt for the honours which society pressed upon him when it was too late for him to enjoy them. In 1932, when a banquet was given for Maillol, he said in his message of greeting that 'All things come to him who waits – especially if he waits fifty or a hundred years under the cold slab of the grave'.

Rouault was by temperament a tremendous worker; with a delectable wife and four small children to keep, he had, moreover, every reason to stay in the studio. (He was seventy, for instance, before he could afford to go to Venice.) He likened himself to the ox that 'ploughs a deep furrow steadily and takes its time about it'; and doubtless it was all the easier for him to do so in that under the terms of his agreement with Vollard he had very little choice. It is, in fact, instructive to compare the architecture of his career with that of any one among his contemporaries: Matisse, for instance. Rouault worked tremendously hard, but the results of his work were seen intermittently or not at all. *Miserere* was published more than thirty years after it was first conceived, and there were literally hundreds of canvases, some of them very large, which he never brought to the point of completion. Once finished, they might vanish into the vaults: unfinished, they stayed in the studio and he was always free to add a touch or two, or simply to live with them near at hand. One may doubt, in fact, if a substantial *oeuvre* was ever produced in more peculiar circumstances.

Most big artists are secretive, for that matter, and Rouault was very secretive indeed when it came to certain aspects of his life. People could know him very well indeed, for instance, and have no idea of his private address. He valued the friendship of Bloy and Suarès and Maritain, and of colleagues of long standing like Léon Lehmann and Henri Baignères, but he knew that in the last analysis a painter depends on himself alone. 'A painter who loves his art', he said, 'must take care not to see too much of critics and men of letters. These people distort everything, however unconsciously. They think that they can explain everything – the artist's thought, and his sensibility, and his intentions – but they take away his strength as surely as Delilah took away Samson's.' He was deeply distressed when Bloy disliked his work before 1914, and would stand white and silent as that incomparable verbiage-collector raved and ranted about what was wrong with the pictures. But there is no reason to suppose that after 1914 he cared in the least what such people thought: he was inside his work in the same way that a medieval swordsman was inside his armour.

What was he really after? He knew, to begin with, that 'in spite of all the achievements of the ancients, the language of form and colour is a kingdom that still remains to be explored'. Not 'beauty,' but expression, was his aim: to that extent, he was a child of his time. His art is in many ways curiously apart from that of his contemporaries. The portrait of Henri Lebasque (1917) in the Metropolitan Museum could hang with the most penetrating of Kokoschka's portraits of that period, and there are landscapes by Permeke in which the earthen quality of the paint, relieved by flashes of ultramarine and yellow, put us in mind of a more northerly Rouault. More than once the subject-matter of Rouault's more naturalistic landscapes is within hailing distance of Vlaminck in his best years. But when that is said, it is little enough. Moreau's prophecy as to the solitariness of Rouault was to come true.

The fact is, of course, that in 1914 Rouault was forty-five: an age at which an artist must have learned to rely upon himself. And as Rouault did not need to produce an 'important' picture every year to keep himself and his family alive his output became more and more irregular. 1917, with the *Old Clown* (no. 50) and the *Three Clowns* in the Pulitzer collection, was a great year by any standards, and 1918 produced the *Crucifixion* in the McIlhenny collection, but Courthion's summary catalogue does not, otherwise, include any major paintings between 1914 and 1920. For 1921 and 1922 it has no paintings at all, and for 1923 one small oil. This does not mean that Rouault was not painting, but it does mean that he did not feel willing, or compelled, to give any of his paintings their definitive form. For this reason there is a towering and a mysterious affirmative quality about the few great paintings which got out at this time: the Tokyo *Christ in the Suburbs* of 1920, for instance, and the *Three Judges* of 1924, and the *Old Clown with White Dog* of 1925. If we did not know of the prints on which Rouault was working it would seem quite baffling that these monumental images, with their air of finality, should have been produced by someone whose other finished paintings were heterogeneous and small. As it is, we know that after a decade and more in which he had worked in mixed media on paper he was at last able to afford oil-paints and canvas, and that he celebrated this fact by breaking out when it suited him.

Even there, there are surprises in store. Till 1965, for instance, few people knew of the fifty-four small paintings which Rouault completed between 1930 and 1936 while he was working on the illustrations to Suarès's *Passion*. When these were shown in Paris in 1965 they turned out to show Rouault in quite a new light. The masterpieces of the 1930s are those in which the artist takes a biggish canvas and rejoices, quite palpably, in the opportunity of stretching

himself. Halve the dimensions concerned, and one can imagine saying, with Constable, 'At last I can stand before a 6 ft canvas with a mind at ease, thank God.'

A picture like the *Little Family* of 1932, which we are lucky enough to be seeing in London, is in this context a kind of *summa* of Rouault's pictorial activity. But, equally well and at the same time, he was breaking quite new ground in the small paintings for *Passion*: for an idea of the concentrated eloquence of the series one might turn to the little *Biblical Landscape* (*Nocturne*) from the Leclercq collection (no. 78); but many of the more dramatic episodes have no parallel elsewhere in Rouault's *oeuvre* in paint.

This is, in fact, one of the many reasons why a definitive estimate of Rouault's achievement has yet to be made. No exhibition can show this achievement in all its aspects, because there will always be key-works which cannot be borrowed – often because they are too fragile, and sometimes because they are difficult to trace. Confusion resides, also, in the fact that Rouault liked to re-work his paintings for years on end, and the associated fact that many subjects turn up again and again in one guise or another. The Rouaults which appear on the market tend to be drawn very largely from the paintings released at one time or another by Vollard: many vital earlier paintings are either in the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris (to which they were left by Dr D. Girardin) or in private collections where their owners guard them with exemplary care and are disinclined to let them travel. The truth is that very few people outside the artist's family are closely acquainted at first hand with more than a small fraction of his output; estimates formed on the basis of that fraction may vary sharply and quite legitimately, since the fraction in question is rarely the same. Widely opposing points of view can be upheld with perfect aplomb. One could argue, for instance, that Rouault had not a great deal of compositional curiosity and that he returned again and again to one or two schemes which happened to suit him and allowed of an almost infinite degree of elaboration. One could also point to many isolated pictures which have, on the contrary, an adventurousness which takes us by surprise: for instance the *Wild Animal* of 1938 (Courthion cat. no. 409) which looks as if the lions of Delos had come to life, and the *Ubu Awakening* of the same year, which looks like a careful record of a performance directed by Stanislavsky. One could argue that by 1914 Rouault had made up his mind about the world and that the problems which he dealt with thereafter were problems primarily of expression. But this would be to neglect the evidence of the paintings dated 1930 which show a complete awareness of the political problems of that time, and of the *Nocturne* (*Danse Macabre*) of 1937 which can be read as a comment on the armaments race, and of *Homo Homini Lupus* of 1948, which is the most moving, as it is also the most succinct, of judgments on the new dimensions which had lately been acquired by human iniquity.

One could, again, argue that Rouault in his later paintings went out for drama of mood, rather than for drama of action. But equally one could adduce the *Flight into Egypt* of 1945 (no. 79), where the mounted and white-robed figure in front of the high wall is cut off in almost epigrammatic style from the unsuspecting city. One could remember the veritable mounds and cushions and cakes of high colour which Rouault piled up in his last years, and yet remember also the delicate tonality, nearer to lavender, of the *Biblical Landscape* of 1949 (no. 87). And if there are times when Rouault seems to go on ploughing the same furrow, like the ox of his own metaphor, it is a good plan to remember the roll-call of the unfinished works, where Rouault shows himself as attentive to the Parisian skating-rink, or to the cut of a farmhouse in Flanders, as he was to subjects that he treated a dozen times over. 'Of all the arts', he said towards the end of his life, 'ours is the farthest from the dust-bowl. It is virgin territory still.'

Rouault did not attempt to 'renew his inspiration' by foreign travel, or by abrupt changes of subject, or keeping a shrewd eye on what other painters were doing. 'I make no claim', he said flatly, 'to be a citizen of the world'; the landscapes which he spreads before us, and the cities which he piles steeply up the picture-plane, are related in almost every case to his native Belleville and to the patches of the Ile de France which he had visited since early youth. He himself said, in fact, all that there is to say about that particular allegiance in a passage of seven short lines:

Paris mon pays
D'être un instant loin de toi
Je me désespère.
En esprit je suis à toi
Plus que je ne crois.
En pensée toujours je te vois
Comme l'enfant prodigue son vieux père.

For larger allegiances he liked to go to certain aspects of French tradition: to the *sourire de Reims*, to the answers returned by Joan of Arc to her inquisitors, to the Avignon *Deposition*, to the total integrity of Corot and Chardin and Cézanne. He would, I think, have been in no hurry to see posterity form a final opinion on his achievement. Obsessed as he was by the legend of the prodigal son, he might well have liked to thought that with every new exhibition and every new book one or two strayed members of the huge family of his paintings would come back to base. He might even have felt that in all confrontations such as the one which is about to occur in Edinburgh and in London there would be dramas of recognition: reunions as stirring, almost, as that between Orestes and Electra. This, at any rate, is what such exhibitions are for.

This exhibition would not have been possible without the constant and effective encouragement of the artist's family, and in particular of Mademoiselle Isabelle Rouault. To her, as also to Madame Rouault and to Madame Paul Nouaille, I have been indebted throughout the preparation of the exhibition for unstinting assistance of every kind.
I should like to acknowledge also the generous help which we were given by M. Bernard Dorival of the Musée National d'Art Moderne, and by M. René Heron de Villefosse, of the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. Without their ready co-operation both the list of exhibits and the factual matter in the catalogue would have been a great deal thinner, and I am particularly grateful to M. Dorival for permission to draw on his catalogue of the unfinished works.
Everyone who works on Rouault is indebted to M. Pierre Courthion for his monumental study of the artist, and to Mademoiselle Rouault for the catalogue which forms part of it. I have drawn extensively on both.

J.R.

Chronology

1871 Georges Rouault born at 51 rue de la Villette, Paris, during a bombardment. Son of Alexandre Rouault, cabinet-maker, and his wife, née Marie-Louise Champdavoine.

1885 Apprenticed as a stained-glass maker. Goes to evening classes at the Ecole des Arts Décoratifs.

1891 Having decided to become a painter, enrols at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, in the class of Elie Delaunay.

1892 Gustave Moreau takes over from Delaunay. Over the next six years Matisse, Marquet, Henri Evenepoel, Albert Manguin, René Piot, Simon Bussy, Léon Lehmann and others are fellow-students of Rouault's in Moreau's *atelier*.

1893 Fails the Prix de Rome.

1894 Awarded the Prix Chenavard.

1895 Fails again for the Prix de Rome.
Exhibits for the first time at the Salon des Artistes Français.

1898 Death of Gustave Moreau.

1901 Joins short-lived brotherhood of artists and writers at Benedictine abbey of Ligugé, in company with Huysmans and others.

1903 Appointed curator of newly-formed Gustave Moreau Museum. Helps to found the Salon d'Automne, and shows there regularly until 1908.

1904 Makes friends with Léon Bloy.

1905–12 Shows regularly at the Salon des Indépendants.

1907 Meets Vollard through the ceramist Metthey.

1907–8 Regular visits to the law-courts.

1908 Marriage to Marthe le Sidaner.

1910 First one-man show, at the Galerie Druet.

1911 Moves to Versailles, where Jacques and Raissa Maritain are his neighbours. Friendship with André Suarès. Second one-man show at the Galerie Druet.

1913 Vollard buys his entire output to date.

1917 Vollard becomes Rouault's dealer, sets him up in a studio in the rue Martignac, and encourages him to embark on the activity as an engraver which takes up much of his time over the next decade.

1919 *The Infant Jesus among the Doctors* enters the museum in Colmar.

1921 First monograph on Rouault published (by Michel Puy).

1924 Big retrospective (eighty-eight paintings, eight ceramics) at the Galerie Druet. Essay on Rouault by Jacques Maritain in the *Revue Universelle*.

1926 Publication of Rouault's *Souvenirs Intimes* and Charensol's book on him.

1929 Decors for *The Prodigal Son* commissioned by Diaghilev.

1932 Mrs Chester Dale presents the Musée du Luxembourg with its first painting by Rouault. (In 1931 the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts had turned down the suggestion that one should be bought.)

1937 Forty-two paintings by Rouault on view at the Petit Palais, in Paris, in the exhibition *Les Maîtres de l'Art Indépendant*.

1938 Graphic work shown at the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

1939 Vollard killed in a motor accident.

1940 Venturi's monograph on Rouault published in New York.

1945 Retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

1946 Joint show with Braque on the occasion of the re-opening of the Tate Gallery.

1947 Rouault wins his case against the heirs of Vollard. The Court decrees that his unfinished canvases must be returned to him. Publishes *Stella Vespertina*.

1948 Retrospective of 263 items at the Kunsthaus in Zurich. In November, Rouault burns 315 unfinished canvases in the presence of an official of the Court.

1951 *Homage to Georges Rouault* at the Palais de Chaillot on the occasion of his 80th birthday.

1952–58 Retrospective exhibitions in Brussels, Amsterdam, Paris, Cleveland, New York, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Milan and elsewhere.

1958 Death of Georges Rouault on 13 February. State funeral in the abbey-church of St Germain-des-Prés.

Index of lenders

Aberbach, Julian J. and Joachim Jean, 70
Amsterdam, Stedelijk Museum, 52
Antwerp, Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, 29
Bakwin, Dr and Mrs Harry, 59, 66, 71
Basle: Galerie Beyeler, 36, 44, 47
Kunstmuseum, 58, 64
Boston, Museum of Fine Arts, 84
Buffalo, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, 34
Chicago, The Art Institute of, 67
Colmar, Musée d'Unterlinden, 2
Frank, Mr and Mrs Richard L., 56
Franke, Günther, 30
Hahnloser, Professor Dr Hans R., 32
Hartford, Wadsworth Atheneum, 54, 55
Leclercq collection, 17, 20, 27, 37, 75, 78
London, Trustees of the Tate Gallery, 8, 26, 68
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1
New York: Marlborough-Gerson Gallery 33
Museum of Modern Art, 46, 49, 63
Niarchos collection, Stavros S., 50
Paris: Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, 11, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 28, 38–42, 45, 48, 51
Musée National d'Art Moderne, 24, 31, 100–150
Private collection, 15
Pittsburgh, Museum of Art, Carnegie Art Institute, 69
Poignard, M and Mme Marcel, 12, 16
Private collections, 3–7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 43, 53, 57, 60, 61, 62, 65, 72, 74, 77, 79–83, 85, 87–99, 151–8
Rome, Musei Vaticani, 86
Samuels, Mrs S., 73
Serger, Mrs Helen, 76
Whitney, Mr and Mrs John Hay, 23
Zurich, Kunsthaus, 35

Catalogue

The letter L in brackets after the title indicates that the work is exhibited in London only.

All paintings in oil are on canvas and all gouaches and drawings are on paper unless otherwise stated. Measurements are in inches; height precedes width.

Bibliographical references are to Pierre Courthion's standard work on Rouault. The English edition of this was published by Thames & Hudson in 1962. Page references are to this edition and not to the German or French editions. Where paintings are not in Courthion references are given to one of the following other publications on Rouault:

Georges Rouault: Paintings and Prints, by James Thrall Soby; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1947 [Soby].

Georges Rouault, by L. Venturi, London, 1948 [Venturi].

Rouault, Musée de Quebec and Musée d'Art Contemporain de Montreal 1965 [Quebec & Montreal].

Georges Rouault: Frankfurter Kunstverein, Frankfurt 1966 [Frankfurt].

Rouault: Peintures inconnues et celèbres, Galerie Charpentier, Paris 1965 [Charpentier].

Georges Rouault: Oeuvres inachevées données à l'Etat, Musée du Louvre, 1964 (for all unfinished works).

1 **The Ordeal of Samson, or Samson at the Wheel**
Samson tournant la Meule

1893
Oil, 57¾x44⅞
Bibl: Courthion, p. 60

Rouault competed for the Prix de Rome in 1893 with this painting, which is based on a passage in the Book of Judges (ch. 16, v. 21) where the shorn Samson, blinded by the Philistines, is sent down to Gaza, chained with bronze, and set to turn a mill-stone in prison. Rouault had asked for permission to work from an anatomical plaster case, and from a plaster head from Trajan's Column: the use of these (see Courthion, p. 42) was authorized on 6 May, 1893. Rouault did not win the prize. 'My "Samson" terrified the jury', he said later, 'and one of them actually shook his fist at it'. Rouault likened the faces of Samson's tormentors to faces from Hieronymus Bosch; and they are, in effect, the earliest instances of his gift for the communication of a certain mindless ill-nature.

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art (The Mr and Mrs George Gard De Sylva Collection)

2 **The Infant Jesus among the Doctors**
L'Enfant Jésus parmi les Docteurs

1894
Oil, 64¾x51½
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 39

Closely foreshadowed in a water-colour/gouache of the same subject, dated 1893, this painting won for Rouault the Prix Chenavard in July 1894. (An earlier decision, by which the prize was given to another competitor, was set aside after a collective protest by the student body.) Bought by the state in 1917, it was the first of Rouault's paintings to enter a French public collection.
As in the *Samson*, and in many major paintings throughout his career, Rouault makes use of the echoing spatial devices and recurrent half-circles which a vaulted architecture makes possible. And although the architecture in this case is clearly drawn from Northern France the inspiration of the picture eddies back and forth between Rembrandt and the great Florentines. (Rembrandt's *St Anastasius* (National Museum, Stockholm) is a possible source for this architectural device.)
In *L'Invendable* (1904) Rouault's friend Léon Bloy wrote that in the *Infant Jesus* 'a 12-year-old Christ talks to three hypocrites who between them are 180. He tells them the Truth that is Himself, and while he speaks we seem to see issuing from each of the three crucifiers the terrifying beast that will one day devour him.'

Musée d'Unterlinden, Colmar

1

2

The Kiss of Judas
Le Baiser de Judas

1895
Charcoal, 16½x12¾
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 94

The year 1895 was marked by the two largest of all Rouault's paintings, the *Stella Matutina* and *Stella Vespertina* (both now in the Musée d'Avallon), and by a further submission for the Prix de Rome: *The dead Christ mourned by the Holy Women* (Musée de Grenoble). Rouault's failure to win the prize convinced Gustave Moreau that there was no further point in his wasting his time over large-scale prize-compositions. 'Work at home!' was his advice: 'Work for yourself! That's all you could ever do, really, even when you were slaving away for eighty days on end for the Prix de Rome.'
On a smaller, less formal scale the *Kiss of Judas* is one of the earliest of Rouault's great successes. The sureness and high drama of the landscape combine with the tall pyramid of the composition and the tenebrous stage-lighting to foreshadow many of his later paintings.

Private collection

4 Self-portrait
Auto-portrait

1895
Charcoal and crayon, with touches of pastel, 28¾x21¼
Bibl: Courthion, p. 61

Self-portraits, avowed or unacknowledged, abound in Rouault's work. This particular drawing is irreplaceable evidence of how Rouault saw himself at the time when Moreau was encouraging him to cut free from the official art-world and strike out on his own. It has the environing darkness of *The Kiss of Judas* (no. 3) and *The Repast* (no. 8), and the artist has given himself a look of timidity and circumspection. But, as he said many years later to Pierre Courthion, 'I am made of Breton granite – the kind you break your teeth on'.

Private collection

5 Landscape
Paysage

1897
Oil, 32¾x47¼
Signed and dated lower right

Rouault in his maturity delighted in what he called *'le pittoresque imaginatif'*. In terms of landscape this often meant a rolling landscape traversed by a river running parallel to the observer and garnished with figures, some of them on its banks, some of them in the water, some of them standing in boats. No. 5 is a very early instance of the fascination of this theme. It is based, quite clearly, on Claude Lorrain, a painter for whom Rouault had a great admiration; and it dates from the time at which Rouault identified with his favourite Old Masters and had not yet fully developed his own personality.

Private collection

4

5

6 Night Landscape
Paysage de Nuit

1897
Water-colour, black chalk and pastel, 25¼x33⅞
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 43

Sometimes known as *The Workyard* (*Le Chantier*), this is in reality a dawn landscape, with the early light breaking over and workmen on their way to begin the day. (It has a companion-piece in the *Night Landscape* (*The Good Samaritan*) which was last located in the collection of Bernheim-Jeune.)
'In this picture', said Moreau to Rouault, 'you are Shakespeare's countryman.' He was doubtless referring to the panoramic scale and sweep which Rouault had engineered in what is relatively a small picture, and to the sense of unrelated incidents, many of them swift and deadly, being fought out beneath an enormous sky. For the first time Rouault is at grips with a modern subject. The industrial society of his day is on trial for the desolation and the grinding near-slavery which it has brought to the world. But individual passions are also indicted: the hand-to-hand combat on the left goes forward in silence, while the fighters' horses are kept tethered and waiting.
The picture is remarkable, also, in that it pioneers the mixed media in which Rouault was to work with such persistence: where pastel begins and water-colour ends it would be difficult to say. The pressure of creativity is, in any case, at a higher pitch altogether than it was in the Prix de Rome compositions.
In the painting of the same year, *The Good Samaritan*, Rouault again made use of mysterious industrial structures like those in the *Night Landscape*. As he was close to Rembrandt at this time it seems possible that he had seen photographs of Rembrandt's *Stormy Landscape* of 1638, now in the Herzog Anton-Ulrich Museum in Brunswick, where the fall of the light and the cut of the countryside are markedly similar to that of the *Night Landscape*.

Private collection

The Nativity
La Nativité

c. 1900
Pen and ink and wash, 17¼x12¼
Bibl: Courthion, p. 95

Rouault admired in Rembrandt 'the exceptional quality of the emotion involved, and the absence of all vain gesticulation'. He found these qualities especially in subjects which Rembrandt 'touched in lightly in sepia, so that at times the picture is built up in all essentials with one or two strokes of the pen'. In *The Nativity*, Rouault's admiration turns to emulation: even the high-beamed ceiling and the smoking lamp could be drawn from Rembrandt's repertory.

Private collection

7

8 The Repast
Le Repas

1900
Pastel, 10½x10½
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 68

Something of the New Testament inhabits this interior. But something, also, of the classic exhibition-subject of French painting in the late nineteenth century. The still-life of the decorated table, the soft light on the abstracted listeners, the hooded and velvety depths of the room beyond – these are the subjects that Seurat in his drawings and Bonnard and Vuillard in their early paintings, brought to perfection.

The Trustees of The Tate Gallery

8

9 The Plain
La Plaine

1900
Water-colour, 6¾x7¼
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 45

In striving to find his way, as Moreau had recommended, Rouault tried his hand at all manner of subjects. 'The more inward the vision', he wrote later, 'the more, as I see it, one should lean upon Nature': and in *The Plain* he leans upon Nature to great and aerial effect.

Private collection

9

10 Landscape
Paysage

1900
Water-colour and pastel, 4x6¾
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 7

A further, smaller example of the mixed-medium techniques, which, pioneered in the large landscapes of 1897, were to be used with even greater resource in the figure-paintings of 1902-14.

Private collection

10

11 Study of a Head
Etude d'une Tête

1900
Black chalk, 5⅝x5¾
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 57

Rouault the moralist has not yet, in this drawing, taken over control: Rouault the compassionate observer looks at the facts of old age and sets them down in a drawing which would earn a high place in any of the world's great print-rooms.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

11

12 Face to Face
Tête à Tête

c. 1900
Pen and water-colour on canvas, 3⅝x4
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 96

In this drawing, and in no. 13, Rouault suddenly swings away from the noble European tradition of drawings like nos. 7 and 8 and turns to things seen at first hand. He had the true Parisian's nose for human frailties. Of course there is also a European tradition of drawing in this manner, but in Rouault's case the energizing thrust was something that he was born with: the caustic, undeluded, plain-spoken metropolitan instinct for what marks out one human being from another.

Collection Monsieur and Madame Marcel Poignard, Paris

13

13 The Judges
Les Juges

1901
Pen and ink and water-colour, 4⅛x3¾
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 96

Private collection

14 Paris, the Seine
Paris, la Seine
1901
Water-colour, 6¼x11
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion cat. no. 9

Rouault loved Paris, missed it bitterly when he lived at Versailles, and never really wanted to live anywhere else. 'My life is there', he wrote to Suarès: 'My mother was born in the rue Ste-Croix-de-la-Bretonnerie, and her father came to Paris when he was twelve.'
He told Georges Charensol that after the death of Moreau he used to go to the banks of the Seine at five o'clock in the morning, on the way to his studio, and paint from the motif at a point where dockers, stripped to the waist, were busy unloading from the barges.
No. 14 presents a quasi-Venetian view of Paris life, with the buildings on both sides of the water brought up closer than they would be in reality and the watermen, also, more prominent.
Studies from the motif grew rarer and rarer, in later years, but in 1912 Rouault thought for a time of making an album of lithographs of the statues and monuments of Paris: nothing came of this.

Private collection

15 Bathers
Baigneuses
1903
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 17¼x13¾
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 128

Though dated the same year as the first in the series of studies of street-women, this relates to an unflawed Arcadia which Rouault was not to re-visit for many years. The figures which both echo and do not echo one another are a favourite and lifelong motif; but the tender fullness of bodies not yet gone to fat, the air of naturalness and innocence, and the untroubled pastoral atmosphere are echoes of a *dix-huitième* tradition which Rouault normally denied himself.

Private collection, Paris

16 Clown with Ink-well
Clown à l'Encrier
1905
Gouache, ink and pastel, 5x5½
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 130

Of the major clown-studies of 1904-6, most are too fragile to go on their travels. This little study of a clown off duty is a token, none the less, of the intense interest which Rouault had taken since childhood in the world of the travelling circus. To some extent (see note to no. 50) he identified himself with the Clown, but fundamentally what won his sympathy was the figure of the human being set apart and doomed to amuse: the clown's spangled costume seemed to him merely a heightened version of the disguise which we all wear, and of which death or the artist will one day deprive us.

Collection Monsieur and Madame Marcel Poignard Paris

17 Monsieur and Madame Poulot
1905
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 27½x20½
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 125

The Poulots were characters in *La Femme Pauvre*, a novel by Rouault's friend Léon Bloy. Bloy detested the picture and said that 'for nothing in the world would I accept "illustration" of this sort. It should have been something tragic: two entirely bourgeois figures, guileless, peaceable, compassionate . . . where Rouault has turned them into two cut-throats from the poverty-stricken suburbs.' The 'poverty-stricken suburbs' were admittedly a favourite subject with Rouault, but it is difficult to reconcile Bloy's account of the Poulots with the Poulots as they actually appear in the book. Never one to under-write, Bloy really let himself go in the description of the retired whore and her husband, the lawyer's nark. Readers of this lengthy account, with its superabundance of revolting detail, will find that Rouault has, in point of fact, kept what was worth keeping in Bloy's description and remained remarkably faithful to it.

Collection Leclercq

18 At the Bal Tabarin: Dancing the Chahut
A Tabarin: Le Chahut

1905
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 27½x21¼
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 77

At the time when this was painted, several generations of painters had set themselves to record the Parisian night-world. Some went as observers, some were active participants, some simply welcomed the chance of studying the trained human body at full stretch. People who think of Rouault as a cheerless individual who consistently looked only on the darker side of things will be surprised to find that (as is clear from *At the Bal Tabarin*) Rouault delighted in the spectacle of disciplined energy. Better than Degas, better than Seurat, better than Toulouse-Lautrec, he knew how to convey the animal thrust, the pounding and contagious bodily excitement, against which even the sage critic of Society is momentarily powerless.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

The Fallen Eve
Eve déchue

1905
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 10x8½
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 53

When Rouault lived in Montmartre, he clubbed together with some of his friends to hire a studio in the rue Rochechouart. As they could afford to heat the studio, but not to hire a model, they invited the street-women who abounded in the neighbourhood to come in off the pavement and get warm whenever they felt like it. From this, there resulted the long series of paintings which were shown at the Salon d'Automne from 1905 onwards and were the subject, then and later, of a great deal of sententious comment. Rouault never burked the physical horrors involved, and he wrote in the plainest possible terms of the 'thick gelatinous masses of flesh, vacillating flesh, upon which no genuine kiss will ever again be pressed . . . ', but he did not at all hold up his impromptu models to either mockery or self-satisfaction; and what emerges from his paintings is, rather, a patient and ox-like resignation, combined with an exceptional easy informality in the relationship between painter and sitter. There must be remembered, also, the extent to which these paintings revealed the inadequacy of the conventional nude-subject as an indication of the way in which life is actually lived.
Rouault said of earlier commentators on the series: *'Ils ont mis 30 ans à voir la morsure du péché dans mon oeuvre.'*

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

20 Nude, sketch (Olympia)
Nu, esquisse (Olympia)

1905
Oil on paper on canvas, 24⅜x18⅛
Signed upper right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 70

In 1906, and again in 1907, Rouault painted odalisques – head in the upper right-hand corner, body spread to the left on the canvas and cut off or folded back at the knees – which are comparatively relaxed and comfortable in their handling of the basic subject. No. 20 is an early variant of these odalisques which Rouault himself cut in half. In contrast to the minatory and enormously worked-up studies of street-women, dated 1905–6, this is irresistible, headlong, *primesautier* painting, in which we glimpse one side of Rouault's essential nature at full stretch.

Collection Leclercq

19

20

21 **Wrestler.**
Lutteur

1905
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 8¾x5
Signed and dated upper left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 55

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

22 **Drunken Woman**
L'Ivrognesse

1905
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 27¾x21½
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 51

This was the kind of painting that left Rouault's friends aghast. Faced with their remonstrances, he would stand white and silent, well aware that he was losing not merely the support of the conventional 'collector' but the support of older people like Léon Bloy, to whom he had looked for understanding and affection. In October 1905 Bloy came home from the Salon d'Automne and noted that Rouault, 'whom I had thought capable of painting seraphim, no longer seems able to think except in terms of atrocious and vengeful caricatures'. Eighteen months later he wrote to Rouault: 'If you were a man of prayer, a communicant, you could not paint those horrible pictures. . . . It is time you stopped.'
But to the student of Rouault's career the point of pictures such as this is that he was working from immediate first-hand experience. In the great print-series and elsewhere, he worked primarily from distilled recollection: in paintings like no. 22 something comes out in an individual, particularized way which later, in *Miserere*, would be generalized and placed on the level of aphorism.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

23 **Mother and Child**
Mère et Fils

1906
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 8¼x6¾
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 163

A study of Madame Baignères and her son. Monsieur and Madame Baignères formed part of the select company of Rouault's early patrons.

Collection Mr and Mrs John Hay Whitney, New York

21

22

24 At the Mirror (L)
Au Miroir

1906
Water-colour, 27½x21
Signed with initials and dated upper left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 83

What looks like a straight cut from life, and low life at that, may be also a reminiscence of Dutch genre painting.

Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris

25 Nude doing up her Hair
Nu se coiffant

1907
Water-colour, gouache and pastel, 12⅛x12
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 85

Rouault had an instinctive feeling for the great weathered wall of an ageing human back; and although this majestic little painting belongs to the street-woman period the sitter could, in point of fact, be any woman at all who is beginning to thicken.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

26 Aunt Sallies (L)
Têtes à massacre

1907
Oil on paper on canvas, 29½x41½
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 143

Known for many years as *The Bride*, this painting was given its present and only authentic title by Rouault in 1953. (For this, see The Tate Gallery's Foreign catalogue, by Ronald Alley, 1959.) The painting is, in fact, one of a series in which the figures are midway between the stylization of puppets and the individual and authentic degeneration of real human beings. The implication may well be that we are battered by 'real life' in much the same way as the Aunt Sally is battered by visitors to the fairground.

The Trustees of the Tate Galiery

26

27 **The Accused Man**
L'Accusé

1908
Oil, 33x25¼
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 14

Ever since the Dreyfus Case it had been clear to any intelligent person that things could go seriously wrong when a man was judged by his fellow-men. Rouault's law-court paintings between 1907 and 1914 were part, in fact, of a concern for social justice which he shared with people as remote from himself as André Gide, whose *Souvenirs de la Cour d'Assises* came out in 1912.

Rouault began going to the law-courts in 1906, at the suggestion of a lawyer-friend. He did not 'condemn' the judges, in straightforward radical style, but rather pitied them for the impossibility of their task. Accused and accusers were alike the victims of an inhuman ritual. In the one case the splendour of ceremonial black and gold, in the other the calculated indignity of prison dress: these were contrasts which he touched on lightly, preferring to put his strongest accent on the basic similarity between judges and judged.

The epitome of this series is undoubtedly the *Condemned Man*, now in a Swiss private collection, of 1908: in this tenebrous masterwork, one of the few European paintings which can hang with the best of Rembrandt, judges and judged are seen frontally and side by side. In *The Accused Man*, the central figure and his guardians are seen almost as medallions. Rouault has given them, even if Society has not, equality of treatment: the world which he evokes for us is one in which, whether they know it or not, all men are prisoners.

Collection Leclercq

27

28 The Lecture
La Conférence

1908
Oil on paper, 12½x7⅞
Signed and dated upper right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 101

Rouault had it in for lecturers, as a class, to a degree which may surprise even those have suffered most from this form of human activity. Dorival points out that a larger and more thoroughly-worked version of this picture is among the unfinished pictures given to the French State by the Rouault family. He also cross-refers to other half-length portraits of speaking figures (*The Orator*, 1908, and *The Banquet* of *c.* 1910) and points out that between 1908 and 1925 Rouault returned continually to his scorn for people who had the gall to harangue their fellow-men. 'Professors', 'doctors', 'orators', 'pedagogues', 'reformers', 'demagogues', 'pedants', 'prophets', 'men of learning' and 'idealists': all caught, in varying degrees, the sharp end of his wit – and were lucky, indeed, if they did not end up categorized as '*gagas*'.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

29 The Newspaper Sellers
Marchands de Journaux

1909
Oil on paper on panel, 22½x15⅜
Signed and dated lower right

Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp

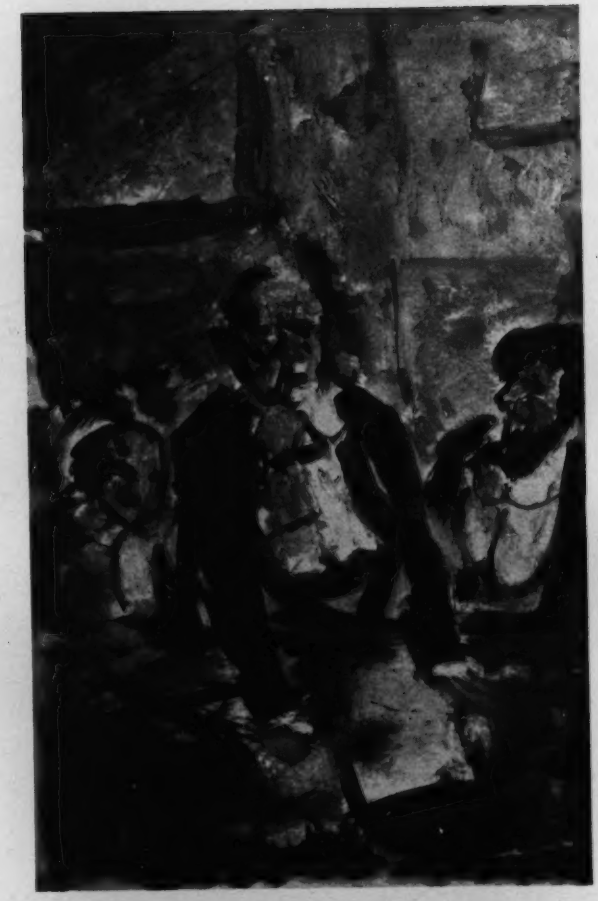
30 Two Nudes
Deux Nus

1910
Oil on paper on canvas, 27½x22½
Signed lower right

In this, as in its contemporary the *Bathers* in the Block collection, Chicago, Rouault had it in mind to compose, in effect, a homage to Cézanne. Compared with no. 15, the *Bathers* of seven years earlier, it is a very much more awkward affair. The quasi-figurines of 1903 have given place to forms modelled with no regard for conventional 'beauty'. Rouault is groping towards the kind of expressive truth which Cézanne achieved in the 1860s; and the tenacious, uncompromising use of oil-paint is very different from the complex techniques which Rouault had perfected for himself in paintings like nos. 17 and 18.

Collection Günther Franke, Munich

28



29

31 **The Staircase at Versailles (L)**
L'Escalier, Parc de Versailles

1910
Water-colour and gouache, 26¾x20½
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, cat. 62

Rouault loathed Versailles, as a place to live in, and saw it as 'the North Pole of art', a place where the artist could perish for lack of a kind or a discerning word at the opportune moment. But even during the worst hours of his sojourn there, shortly before 1914, something in the august and measured proportions of the great park could still stir him. This particular picture dates from 1910, the year before he went with his family to live at 36 rue de l'Orangerie. Nineteen years later he translated Versailles into his private mythology in the lithograph *Paysages légendaires: Watteau*.

Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris

31

32 **Barrister on his Feet**
Avocat plaidant

1910
Gouache and oil on cardboard, 9x15¼
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, cat. 197

For spontaneous painterly eloquence this little picture has few rivals in Rouault's *oeuvre*. It is unusual, also, among the law-court paintings in that for once the law is seen in action and not as the prerogative of impassive seated figures. Daumier is somewhere there, but Rouault has not seized on any physical oddity or extravagance, as Daumier might have done: the drama of bodily eloquence and the drama of paint boldly and subtly handled are the double subject of the picture, and it is one in which moralizing has no place.

Collection Professor Dr Hans R. Hahnloser, Berne

32

33 **The two Peasants**
Les deux Paysans

c. 1911
Oil on paper on canvas, 35x24 (89x61 cm)
Signed lower right
Bibl: Venturi, p. 63, repr. pl. 44

Cézanne the man was as great an influence as Cézanne the artist on Rouault in the years before 1914. In a famous text which he contributed to the *Mercure de France* in November 1910, Rouault singled out Cézanne's horror of being touched. And it was with the rough, solitary, unbiddable side of Cézanne's nature that Rouault identified himself during the difficult years. In *The two Peasants*, which Venturi ranked as the masterpiece of its period, Rouault seized on the sovereign awkwardness of Cézanne's procedures in the 1860s and, in particular, on the aggressive, chunky, de-glamourized handling of the human form. It was at the time when he was intimately familiar with the Cézannes owned by Vollard that he wrote to Suarès and said: 'I am not a very great artist but I *know*, and I *feel*, what a very great artist is . . .'

Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, New York

33

3 **Monsieur X**

1911
Oil on paper on panel, 30½x22¼
Signed and dated upper left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 141

It is difficult to categorize Monsieur X. Altogether too grand in scale to be included among the 'grotesques' of 1912–13 or even the individualized 'types' of 1909–13, he is an amalgam of several kinds of human being whom Rouault held in horror: the minor official, the landlord, the lawyer's nark, the small-town usurer, the man who battens on other men. He is the man who would like to be Ubu. And if, in the *Night Landscape* of 1897 (no. 6), Rouault was Shakespeare's countryman, here he is Moliere's, and Balzac's.

Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, N.Y. (*Edmund Hayes Fund*)

35 The Exodus
L'Exode

1911
Pastel and gouache, 17¾x23¾
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 149

Long before the refugee became one of the standard figures of the twentieth century, and the exodus one of its traditional rituals, Rouault was haunted by the idea of a whole people on the move. 'Night and day', he once wrote, 'the hordes move onwards, ceaselessly and without respite, . . . Caring nothing for the landscape through which they pass, be it cheerless or on the scale of epic, they are on the march before dawn, heads bowed, towards the Oceanic sea. It is far from their thoughts to admire the green countryside, or to study the tentacular cities, through which they pass. And if their daily bread is not forthcoming, and it turns out that they have long and sharp teeth and hands that are quick to steal – well, don't hold it too much against them.'
The idea of the exodus had also a secondary meaning for Rouault. 'We are all refugees in this life. Refugees from illness, from boredom, from nethermost poverty, from friendlessness, from the whisper of scandal, from death above all. We hide ourselves under the sheets, pulling them up to our chins with a shaky hand, and even at the moment of going under we are still talking – talking of retirement, and of taking our ease among the Borromaean Isles.'

Kunsthaus, Zurich

36 Landscape (The Ride)
Paysage (*Chevauchée*)

1911
Gouache and pastel, 24¾x30
Signed and dated lower right; inscribed, upper right: *No. 3/en longeur*
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 22, repr

An example of the decorative subjects which Rouault produced at the time of, or shortly after, his association with the ceramist Metthey.

Galerie Beyeler, Basle

34

35

36

Christ Mocked
Christ aux Outrages

1912
Mixed media on canvas, 39⅜x24¾
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 24, repr

It was in front of paintings like this that one well-known painter of the day thought it witty to strike a match. The subject was one which absorbed Rouault throughout his life (see no. 63). In this instance Rembrandt – the Rembrandt, for example, of the etching *Christ shown to the People* of 1665 – is still in Rouault's mind. But the paint-structure, with its echoes of earth and old leather and dried blood, is one of the most extraordinary in Rouault's entire *oeuvre*. Rouault was clearly bent on getting as far away as possible from the suave and glossy 'religious art' of the late nineteenth century. In doing so, and in producing something that has the force of the masterpieces of primitive art which were then getting to be known in Paris, he restored to Christianity something of its pristine power to shock and scandalize and appal.

Collection Leclercq

38 De Profundis

1912
Water-colour and pastel, 8x12
Bibl: Courthion, p. 171

Painted shortly after the death of Rouault's father in June 1912. 'My father', Rouault wrote to Suarès, 'was what the world calls "uneducated", but in his last moments he showed such humility, such gentleness, such goodness of nature, that I cannot find words to express what I went through.'

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

39 The Widow
La Veuve

1912
Water-colour and gouache, 11⅝x7⅛
Bibl: Courthion, p. 178

Can there be an echo in this little painting of Rouault's admiration for Goya? Certainly there is nothing quite like it in the rest of his *oeuvre*.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

37

38

40 The Fop
L'Avantageux

1913
Gouache and pastel, $12\frac{1}{2}$x$7\frac{1}{8}$
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 102

1908–14 was the great period of Rouault the character-creator; of this *The Fop* is a notably deft and economical instance.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

41 The Pedagogue (Three Heads)
Pédagogue (Trois Têtes)

1912
Gouache and pastel, $6\frac{1}{8}$x$8\frac{7}{8}$
Signed and dated lower left
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 98

Another character: but although Rouault never cared for schoolmasters he could see, as here, that there were times when the schoolmaster and his class had much in common.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

42 Landscape
Paysage

1913
Gouache (*à l'essence*), $7\frac{7}{8}$x$24\frac{3}{8}$
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 58

As is the case of no. 45, this little landscape dates from a period at which Rouault was trying to get back to painting by means of the direct observation of landscape.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

40

41

42

gouache and oil on paper, 41x29
Frankfurt no. 26, repr

This formidable figure stands midway between the particularized studies of 1905 and the simplified, generalized imagery of the great print-series.

Private collection

44 The Art-Jury
Le Jury d'Art. Débat au Jury du Salon d'Automne

c. 1913
Gouache and pastel, 12x8

Rouault had a low opinion of juries and jurymen, whether in art or in anything else, and although he had helped to found the Salon d'Automne in 1903 the Salon des Indépendants of 1912 was the last large mixed exhibition in which he took an effective part. His opinion of the earlier, more conservative Salons can be guessed from something he wrote late in life: 'I used to go to the private views of some of the big official Salons. I have to admit that there were some magnificent carriages to be seen, and lively and elegant horses to draw them. They made a brilliant and thoroughly spectacular well worked-up background, in the manner of Constantin Guys, and they made a great impact on the adolescent visitor from the long-labouring suburbs. But perhaps the late Ambroise Vollard would have said once again what he said to me one day when we were leaving a smart party at the house of a certain painter: "A fat lot all that has to do with painting!" '

Galerie Beyeler, Basle

45 The Outskirts of Paris
Banlieue parisienne

c. 1914
Gouache and pastel, $7\frac{7}{8}$x$12\frac{1}{4}$
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 69

In 1910–14 Rouault made a series of what were, for him, unusually naturalistic small landscapes. In the *Landscape: The Barge* dated *c.* 1910–12 in Courthion (cat. no. 64) he takes, in fact, a Vlaminck subject and treats it straight; and in 1913 he took subjects which belonged to no one in particular and treated them in what we can now recognize as his own characteristic style, with the landscape terraced away into the distance and the human figure mostly in the middle distance and parallel to the picture-plane. Sumptuous variants of these were to occupy him in his last years: what we have here are, in fact, the raw materials of the *pittoresque imaginatif*.
But it was Rouault himself who gave these little paintings their true significance when he wrote to Suarès, in October 1913, that 'Landscape – not as the professional landscapists understand it – landscape is my springboard! Landscape will make everything come right . . .'

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

44

45

46 The Cook
La Cuisinière

1914
Gouache, $11\frac{7}{8}$x$7\frac{3}{4}$
Signed and dated upper left
Bibl: Soby, p. 69

The kitchen and its inhabitants had mattered greatly to Rouault ever since his first forays as a child in his grandfather's house in the Marais; and later he did not hesitate (see no. 70) to take the kitchen as a setting for a situation fraught with august drama. But this little picture stems rather from his interest in the direct observation of Parisian life.

Museum of Modern Art, New York (Gift of Mrs Sam A. Lewisohn)

47 On their Beam Ends
Les deux Purotins

1914
Gouache, 12x8
Signed and dated upper left

Galerie Beyeler, Basle

48

48 Von X

1915
Gouache and pastel, 11⅜x7¼
Signed, dated and inscribed at bottom
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 167

Rouault was profoundly patriotic in a constructive and unbombastic way. 'Our France, in this black and barbaric world, is still and in spite of everything a rare work of art,' he wrote in August 1914. 'I am in anguish these days. It is not fear – for a long time I have held life cheap, though I should have liked to do my poor best as an artist – it is quite a different feeling, a feeling from somewhere high above me, that something *very beautiful* was going to, or could, disappear . . . .'
Rouault had, meanwhile, the true Parisian's sharp eye for absurdity, and before long he produced, in *Von X*, a classic small portrait of his country's enemy.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

49

49 The Beautiful Madame X
La belle Madame X

1915
Gouache and gilt paint, 12x7¾
Signed and dated upper right
Bibl: Soby, p. 69

Rouault the character-creator was as inventive with word as he was at the easel. Claude Roulet lists in his preface to *Soliloques* some of the imaginary names which Rouault thought up: O. B. Lisque, for instance, and Madame du Devant, née du Pied, and La Reine Kimavenue, and Père Boeuf. He invented, also, imaginary orders: his characters could receive the Order of the Golden Navel or the Silvered Lotus, or become Commanders of Permanent Vermilion. Street-names, likewise: some lived in the Avenue of Social Progress, some in the Cul-de-Sac of Justice, and others in the Impasse of Fraternity.
It is in this imaginary world, distinct from our own but closely related to it, that *The Beautiful Madame X* has her place.

Museum of Modern Art, New York (Gift of Mrs Sam A. Lewisohn)

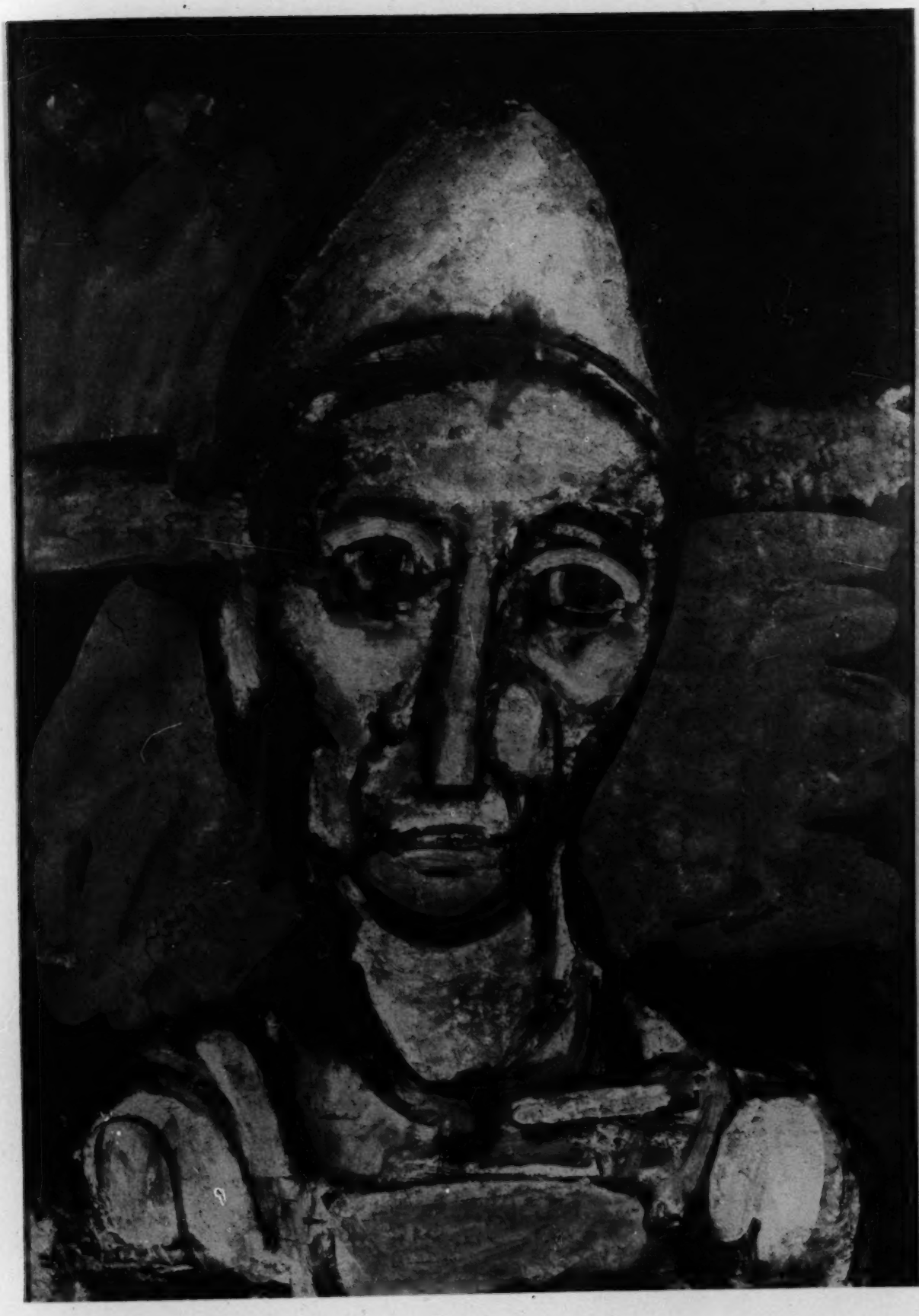
Not exhibited

The Old Clown
Le vieux Clown

1917
Oil on cardboard, 40x29½
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 213

Rouault identified himself with the figure of the clown – to the extent, in fact, of seeing the clown as a *Doppelgänger* or spiritual double. 'People say', he once wrote, 'that I have the smile of a clown (and of a churchman). And there is something of the clown in the adventure of my large etchings for *Miserere*: something of a clown in pain.' Without, therefore, being in any way a bodily self-portrait, *The Old Clown* is a portrait of something fundamental to Rouault's own nature. It dates from a year which produced at least two other oils of superlative quality – the portrait of Henri Lebasque, now in the Metropolitan Museum, and the *Three Clowns* in the Pulitzer collection – and unlike most of the major paintings of later years it does not have the air of having been worked and re-worked until the paint-structure takes on the density and the complexity which we associate with late Rouault. On the contrary: it combines the directness and spontaneity of the earlier paintings – the sense of things seen for the first time – with something of absolute assurance in the placing of the colour-accents. In terms of the development of Rouault's style it stands, in fact, exactly midway in his career: and that career could not have had a more lofty central point.

Collection Stavros S. Niarchos, Paris



51 Vice Squad (for 'Ubu')
Agent des Moeurs (pour 'Ubu')

1918
Brush drawing in ink and wash with brown paper collage
12¾x8⅝
Signed and inscribed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 163

Like the Monostatos of Mozart and Schikaneder, Rouault's imaginary African relates to a private dream-world and is not in any way a commentary on Africa as it exists in reality.

Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris

52 Pierrot (L)

1920
Oil on canvas on cardboard, 39⅜x28½
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 216

Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam

53 Self-portrait (sketch)
Auto-portrait (esquisse)

1921
Peinture à l'essence, 23⅜x16
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 54, repr.

Private collection

54

54, 55 Two stage designs for 'Le Fils Prodigue' ('The Prodigal Son')

1929
Scene 1. Overlooking the Harbour
Scene 2. A Banquet in the Tent
Pastel and gouache, 20¼x28¾, and 20⅛x28¼
Bibl: Venturi, p. 79 (Scene 2, repr. pl. 67)

Rouault was captivated when he first saw Diaghilev's corps de ballet at morning practice. 'Some people call me a painter of horrors', he wrote some years later. 'but I hardly dared say how much I was delighted by the corps de ballet as they went about their work in silence at Monte Carlo. Friezes, bas-reliefs, pediments, and whole compositions formed and re-formed in space, while I was thinking over my decors for *The Prodigal Son*, and my imagination ran free, far from all fleshly considerations.' But when his own ballet was put on, something of the magic dropped away, although the choreography was one of the best of Balanchine's early inventions and the music one of Prokofiev's better scores for the theatre. 'Those ghastly machinists tied my hand', Rouault wrote to Suarès. 'The tent, in my design, was like a tent that falls from the sky. Now it hides my backcloth during a large part of the performance. They turned it into a sentry-box – rather more square, I'm glad to say – and I had to spend three whole nights re-painting it so that it shouldn't look too awful. Then again, Chirico painted his decors down there in Monte Carlo. He supervised everything. I had to come back here and let the dressmaker and the choreographer get on as they thought best. When they got to Paris it was a day or two before the performance and too late to change anything.' *The Prodigal Son* and its decors are still in the repertory of the New York City Ballet.

Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. (The Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner Collection)

56 Clowns

1930
Gouache and pastel, 14x18
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 230

Collection Mr and Mrs Richard L. Frank, San Francisco

Figure for 'Miserere'
Figure pour 'Miserere'

1930
Gouache, 40x28
Bibl: Courthion, p. 221

Miserere occupied Rouault on and off for many years, and inevitably there were many ideas that did not come through to fruition in the book as it eventually appeared. (Rouault at one time envisaged, for instance, two volumes of fifty plates each.) Several of these appear in the section of unfinished works in this exhibition (nos. 100–50): no. 57 is one which can stand on its own.

Private collection

58 Head of a Man
Tête d'un Homme

1931
Gouache, 15½x12½
Signed and dated centre right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 350

One of a small group of character-portraits, dating from the 1930s, in which Rouault turned the incisive economy of his engraving techniques to good account. This one combines Rouault's ever-alert eye for costume with his gift for the portrayal of mindless animation.

Kunstmuseum, Basle

59 Pedagogue
Pédagogue

1931
Gouache, 14¼x10¾
Bibl: Soby, p. 117

An instance of the way in which Rouault sometimes adapted material from his engravings for use in a painting. This is a re-worked version of a plate dated 1928 in the *Reincarnations of Father Ubu* series. Both the pedagogue's costume and the architectural background are very much more developed in the painting, but something has been lost of the blank simplicity of the earlier version.

Collection Dr and Mrs Harry Bakwin, New York

60 The Little Family (L)
La petite Famille

1932
Oil on paper on canvas, 78¾x47¼
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 205

In 1932 Rouault painted two very large pictures (the other is *The Wounded Clown*) which represent a kind of *summa* of his pictorial activity. The 'little family' which forms the subject of this painting is not so much a family in the conventional sense of the word as a group of people who are united by their profession, by their attitude to life, by their espousal of certain forms of existence and by their denial of others. And the relevant text is not a series of entries in the municipal log-book but a poem which is printed in Rouault's *Soliloques*. In this, an orphaned boy-clown (or a dwarf) is overjoyed to find himself welcomed

57

58

and at home among his seniors, and the life of the travelling buffoon is likened to that of the Wandering Jew, 'tacking to and fro against wind and tide'.
Rouault had recently allowed Madame Cuttoli to commission tapestries from his designs, and the elaborate border of *The Little Family* relates to this.

Private collection

61 Reclining Skeleton
Squelette étendu

1932
Gouache, $5\frac{1}{4}$x11
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 373

Rouault the poet of enclosed space here tackled the space which is most enclosed of all – even if in this case the coffin has a window on to the graveyard. Just conceivably the composition may have been prompted by memories of Philippe de Champaigne's *Dead Christ* in the Louvre, which Rouault's friend Matisse had copied in the 1890s.

Private collection

62 The Three Judges
Les trois Juges

1932
Oil, $29\frac{7}{8}$x$41\frac{3}{8}$
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Charpentier, no. 68 (repr.)

First mooted in an oil and wash drawing of 1907, the idea of a judges' trinity haunted Rouault throughout a great part of his working life. See, for instance, the version of 1913, now in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, the version of 1928 in the Marx-Schoenborn collection, the version of *c.* 1924 in a Swiss collection (Courthion, p. 187), and the Tate Gallery version of 1936 (no. 68 in this exhibition).

Private collection

63 Christ Mocked
Christ aux Outrages

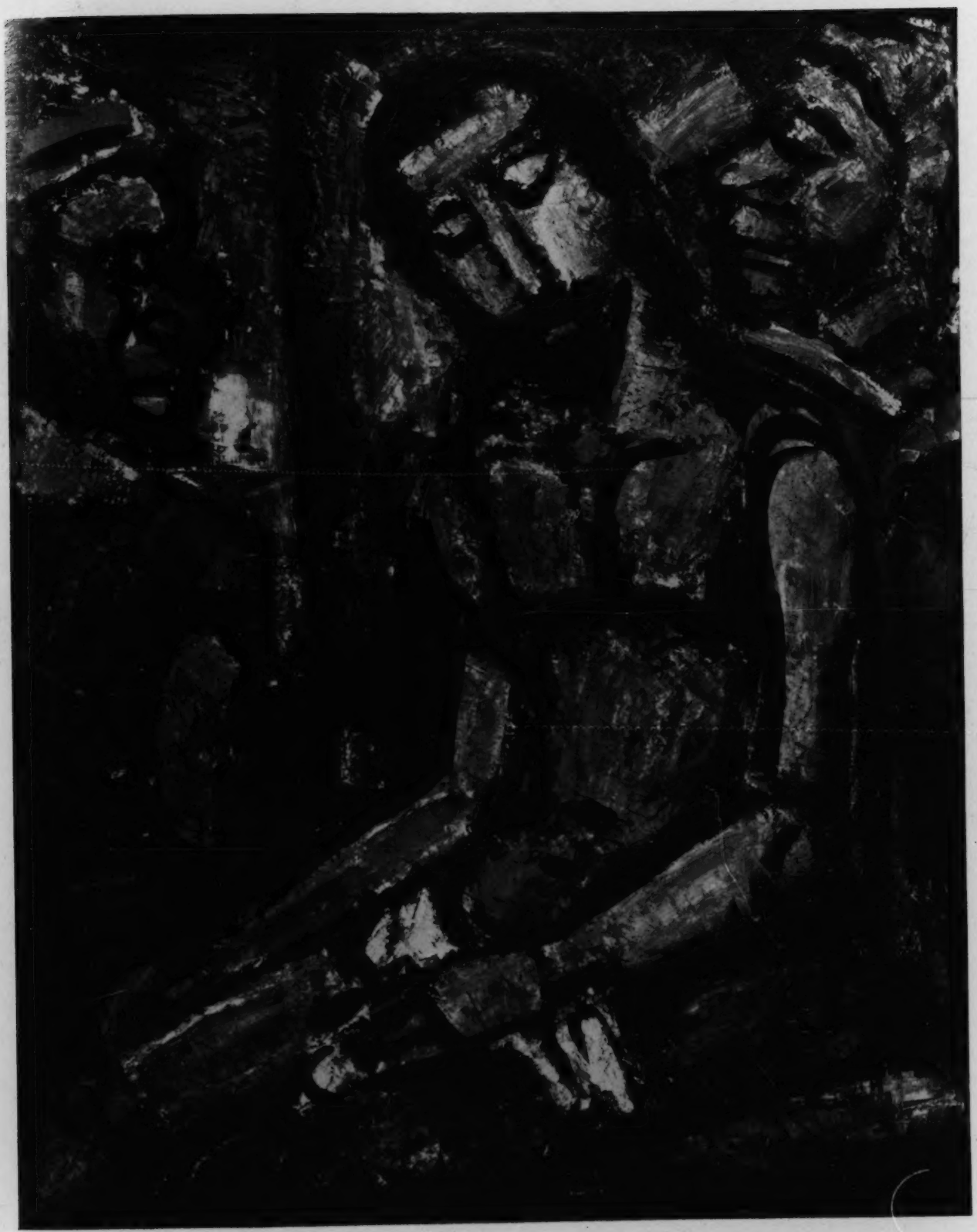
1932
Oil, $36\frac{1}{4}$x$28\frac{1}{2}$
Bibl: Courthion, p. 201

During the 1930s Rouault made a long series of illustrations for André Suarès's *Passion*. Vollard published the book, with seventeen colour-etchings and eighty-two wood-engravings, in 1939. Between 1930 and 1936 Rouault painted a series of fifty-five small paintings on the same subject: this series was shown at the Galerie Charpentier in 1965. *Christ Mocked* dates from this period of intense concentration on the Passion: Rouault allowed himself a degree of freedom and vivacity in the paint which contrasts with the relatively severe and careful handling of *The Little Family* (no. 60).

Museum of Modern Art, New York

61

62



64 Man in a Green Coat
Homme en Habit vert

1933
Gouache, 15¼x11½
Signed and dated upper right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 313

A version, re-worked and upholstered, of a plate dated 1929 from the *Reincarnations of Father Ubu*.

Kunstmuseum, Basle

65 Red Flowers
Fleurs rouges

1934
Oil, 46x32
Signed and dated right
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 35, repr; Marchiori, repr. pl. 18

The experience of having tapestries made from his designs prompted Rouault to paint several flower-pieces (cf. also nos. 80-1) which could have served as the basis for further essays in this field. The big *Red Flowers* is the grandest of these.

Private collection

66 Emancipated Negro
Le Noir libéré

1913-33
Gouache, 12¾x17
Signed and dated 1913 lower centre; signed and dated 1933 upper right

While working on the plates for Vollard's *Reincarnations of Father Ubu* (1932) Rouault became more and more preoccupied with an imagined Africa: a land of palm-trees and flying dragons, naked black beauties and colonial administrators in formal tropical dress. The 'emancipated negro' relates to a plate dated 1928.

Collection Dr and Mrs Harry Bakwin, New York

67 The Dwarf
Le Nain

1937
Oil, 27¼x19¾
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 308

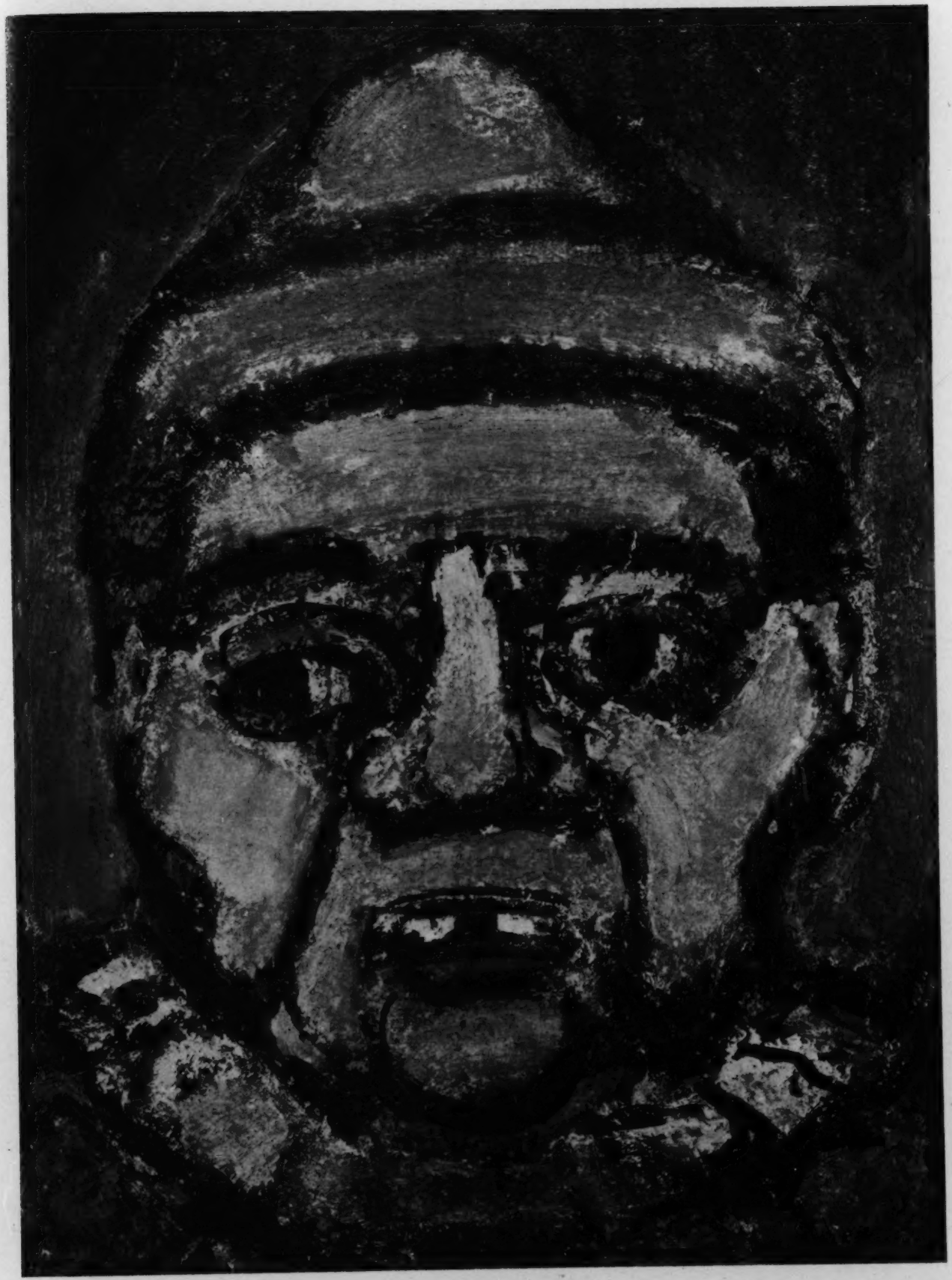
Rouault had always been haunted by the predicament of the dwarf. As early as 1914 he contributed a poem on the subject to Apollinaire's *Soirées de Paris*:

Petit nain
donne-moi la main
tes bras sont trop petits
pour te moucher le nez
je vais t'aider!

Tu t'en vas roulent
et tanguant
à tous les vents
dans tes habits trop grands, flottant
sur tes talons absents
Le vent d'automne
souffle à travers tes loques
les feuilles mortes volent au vent
et la poussière t'aveugle

Petit nain menu
frileux, chassieux
le plus gueux des gueux
toujours trottant
n'es-tu pas un descendant du Juif-Errant

The Art Institute of Chicago (Gift of Mr and Mrs Max Epstein)



68 The Three Judges
Les trois Juges

c. 1937–8
Oil on millboard on panel, 30⅞x25½
Signed lower right
Bibl: Tate Gallery Foreign School Catalogue, pl. 49f.

Though dated '*c.* 1917' by Venturi in his volume of 1948, this picture would seem to have been brought to England almost immediately after its completion in 1937–38: it is an example, that is to say, of Rouault's fondness for keeping a picture by him and re-working it over a period of many years. For the picture's history, see Alley, Tate Gallery Foreign School catalogue, 1959

The Trustees of the Tate Gallery

69 The Old King
Le vieux Roi

1937
Oil on board, 30¼x21¼
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 237

In many of Rouault's paintings, authority sits upon shoulders that are unworthy to bear it. But in *The Old King* there is for once a suggestion that the man who is set above other men deserves his position: or, at the very least, that a two-legged lion is going down with all his teeth intact. There is, too, a cognate authority about the caked paint-structure.
Courthion tells us that 'Matisse attached great importance to this painting, a colour reproduction of which hung in the hall of his apartment at Cimiez, beside another reproduction, Van Gogh's *Self-portrait with Bandaged Ear*. As we stood looking at them Matisse pointed out to me that

compared with Rouault's dense, powerful painting, Van Gogh's self-portrait looked like something from the eighteenth century' (Courthion, p. 252).

Museum of Art, Carnegie Art Institute, Pittsburgh

70 The Kitchen (In the old Faubourg)
La Cuisine (Au vieux Faubourg)

1937
Oil, 21½x27
Signed and inscribed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 273

Rouault thought a lot about Chardin, and about Chardin's place in the French tradition; and it was in a kitchen that he made his first attempts at drawing. In this painting the majestic apparatus of an ordinary French kitchen serves both to mark out the space and to furnish it with forms as ample as they are august. To all this the figure of Christ is, as it were, incidental: but Rouault has laid out the rest of the picture in such a way that we accept it as quite natural that something rare and splendid should be going forward.

Collection Julian J. Aberbach and Joachim Jean Aberbach, New York

71 The Last Romantic
Le Dernier des Romantiques

c. 1937
Oil, 26¾x19¾
Signed lower right
Bibl: Soby, p. 95

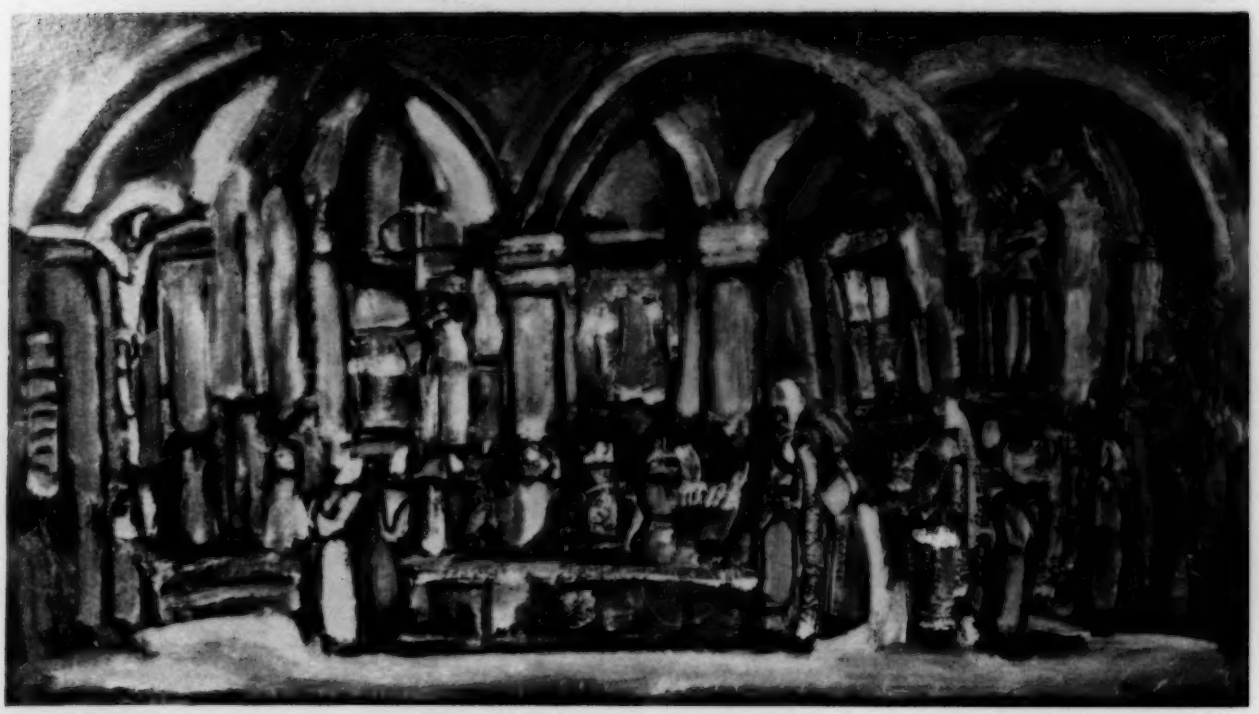
Rouault was himself once described by a critic as 'the last of the Romantics'; and he wrote later that 'Great talents are needed to produce a picture like David's *Leonidas at Thermopylae*. But many more modest works – unobtrusive Chardins, Rembrandt's *Christ at Emmaus*, Poussin's *Diogenes* – go far more directly to my heart. And I, who have been called "the last of the Romantics", am not afraid of using that rather old-fashioned word.'
This association has led some people to see *The Last Romantic* as a self-portrait in fancy dress. There are, certainly, strong points of resemblance between no. 71 and the famous self-portrait by Goya which prefaces the *Caprichos*: ever since Vauxcelles, in 1905, had linked the names of Rouault and Goya, enthusiasts had been quick to spot the correspondences between the two. But the painting is remarkable also for the density and eloquence of the intersecting slabs of paint. For anything comparable, one would have to look forward to de Staël's roof-scapes of 1950–51. But in Rouault's case the use of this thick, endlessly re-worked and yet never ponderous *matière* has far more than a technical significance. It is, in fact, an act of faith in the medium of oil-on-canvas which for so many years had had to share his affections with print-making of one kind or another.

Collection Dr and Mrs Harry Bakwin, New York

68

70

71



72 Breton Church
Eglise bretonne

1937
Oil, 27¼x47
Signed lower right

Ever since 1894 (see no. 2) Rouault had been preoccupied, consciously or unconsciously, with the idea of an echoing vaulted space. In this picture that idea finds panoramic expression.

Private collection

73 The Soldier
Le Soldat

1929
Gouache and pastel, 19x12
Signed and dated lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 355

This picture was chosen by Matthew Smith for its original English owner, Mr Basil Burton, from among a number that were on offer in Paris shortly before the war.

Mrs S. Samuels, Liverpool

74 Head of Christ
Tête de Christ

1937 or 1938
Oil, 26¾x19¼
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 239

Towards the end of the 1930s Rouault became ever more free in his use of expressive colour (for some particularly telling examples of this in later years, see the section of Unfinished Works). In this *Head of Christ* there are the beginnings, for instance, of the preoccupation with pure yellow which lasted (see no. 92) till his death.

Private collection

75 Ubu Roi

c. 1938
Oil on paper, 25x17
Signed lower right

Ubu Roi is the central figure in Alfred Jarry's immensely influential play, first produced in Paris in 1896. (Jarry left a pictorial interpretation of his turnip-headed anti-hero which is as vivid as anything in the text.) Rouault himself did not so much stick to Jarry's Ubu as re-invent an Ubu of his own, for he realized that the notion of Ubu could be transposed and re-applied to a much wider variety of human situations than was embraced by Jarry. He came, in fact, to see him as a symbol of the dark forces which exist within every human being; and when André Warnod suggested to him that he should write an *Ubu as a Picture-Dealer,* since Vollard had written his *Reincarnations of Father Ubu,* Rouault made the following reply: 'Doubtless you have a secret hope that in writing this "Ubu as a Picture-Dealer" I should disembowel him. You make a great mistake! I am not here to mete out justice, nor do I wish to do so. If I were to begin, I should have to reckon over and over again with Ubu the literary prizewinner, Ubu the Member of Parliament, Ubu the academic, Ubu the traditional or the self-styled liberal, Ubu the critic, even. . . . But I shall call a halt, for fear that I might recognize in myself something of Ubu, whether seen full-face, three-quarters, or one-quarter.'

Collection Leclercq

Legendary Landscape (Christ and Fairground People)
Paysage légendaire (*Christ et Forains*)

c. 1937-8
Oil, 25½x39⅜
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 334

One of a group of large landscapes, painted in 1937-8, in which a screen of trees in the middleground harks back to the naturalistic landscapes of 1913 and serves, as it were, to push the figures down to the front of the stage. This particular painting, formerly in the Moltzau collection, is essentially a more densely-furnished variant of a landscape called *Autumn* (Courthion cat. no. 331).

Collection Mrs Helen Serger (*La Boëtie Inc.*), *New York*

77 Crucifixion

1939
Oil on paper, 24¼x18½
Signed lower right
Bibl: Quebec and Montreal, 1965, no. 45

In a majestic earlier version (*c.* 1918) of the same subject, now in the Henry P. McIlhenny collection, Rouault used only one standing figure to the right of the Cross and presented the left-hand figure with bowed head. In plate no. 31 (*Aimez-vous les uns les autres*) of *Miserere*, he introduced a second figure to the right but kept the bowed single figure to the left. In 1939 he deleted a house from the background on the left and subtly heightened the tension of the scene by raising the head of the figure and standing it on a tall strong neck.

Private collection

78 Biblical Landscape (Nocturne)
Paysage biblique (*Nocturne*)

c. 1940
Oil on paper, 7½x9½
Signed lower right

Collection Leclercq

79 The Flight into Egypt
Fuite en Egypte

1945
Oil on panel, 24x18½
Signed lower left
Bibl: Courthion, p. 251

Private collection

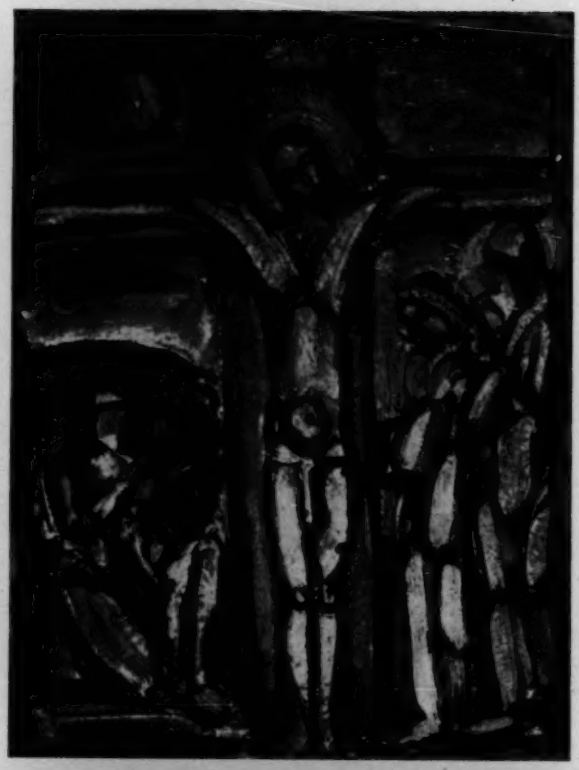
80 Decorative Flowers
Fleurs décoratives

c. 1946
Oil, 12¾x8
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 517

Both this and no. 81 were originally intended as a possible basis for tapestry.

Private collection

77



78

80

Decorative Flowers
Fleurs décoratives

1946
Oil, 14½x10¼
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 310

Private collection

82 Maître Testu

1946
Oil on panel, 11x8¼
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 500

This canvas has an intensity and a presence out of all relation to its size. 'Pighead, QC' would be a free translation of its title, and it is one of the last and the most ferocious of the character-studies with which Rouault had busied himself for the best part of half a century. (Rouault did not, in point of fact, choose the title until after the picture was completed.)

Private collection

83 The Cumaean Sibyl
Sibylle de Cumae

1947
Oil on panel, 20¼x14¾
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 297

Private collection

82

83

84

vourite sub-
d in an oval

Fund)

te to no. 35.

86

Testament
mbrandt in
nore exotic
ombines a
un with the
tedly in his
basic com-
aulted and
nsposed in

89 **Joan of Arc**
...nte Jeanne d'Arc

...51
...l, 11x8⅝
...igned lower right
...ibl: Courthion, p. 345

In an issue of *Verve* dated September–November 1940 Rouault published a text entitled *'Visage de la France'*. This was in effect a rebuttal of the official image of France which, even then, was about to compromise with the enemy. 'The true face of France', it began, 'is not to be found in the Pantheon – or in the jumble of big paintings which got put on its walls around 1880 – nor is it to be found at the private views of official Salons.' Against these, Rouault set, first and above all, 'Joan of Arc, beside whose replies at her trial so much famous literature pales into insignificance'. In formal terms, Rouault's Joan is a re-working of his female circus-riders.

Private collection

89

90 **The End of Autumn III**
La Fin de l'Automne

1952
Oil on panel, 39½x26
Signed lower right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 333

Rouault liked the vespertinal associations of the word 'autumn' and often drew upon them from 1937 onwards. He had always liked, also, the compositional device by which the eye is led vertically up the canvas, as if from terrace to terrace, with the image of the Cross subtly present (as, here, in the marks made by the narrowing path and the wall which runs across the picture just north of centre).

Private collection

90

91 **Decorative Flowers**
Fleurs décoratives

c. 1953
Oil, 37x25¼
Signed centre right
Bibl: Courthion, p. 353

Private collection

91

92 **Pierrot**

1953
Oil, 20½x15
Signed centre right
Bibl: Courthion, cat. no. 554

Private collection

92 Sarah

1956
Oil on panel, 21¼x15¾
Bibl: Courthion, p. 357

Private collection

93

UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS
All works in this section are lent from a private collection

94 Face to Face
Face à Face
Gouache and indian ink, 41¾x29⅛

95 Project for an uncompleted plate for 'Ubu Colon
Gouache, indian ink and pastel, 29⅛x41

96 March Past
Défilé
Gouache, indian ink and pastel, 29⅛x41¾

97 Project for an uncompleted plate for 'Miserere': Abandoned
Abandonné
Black gouache and indian ink, 23¼x18½

98 Study for variant of plate 4 of 'Miserere'
Gouache and indian ink on tracing paper, 23x18¼

99 Study for variant of plate 23 of 'Miserere': Street of the Solitary
Rue des Solitaires
Black gouache and indian ink, 14¾x20⅛

THE UNFINISHED WORKS

All works in this section are lent by the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris

Rouault never liked to see his paintings leave the studio. After his death a large number of those which were still there, in varying stages of completion, were offered by Madame Rouault and her children to the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris. This princely gift was shown for the first time in the Salon Carré of the Louvre in 1964, and a selection from it has been chosen to round off the present exhibition. The choice has been made with three objects in mind: first, to show variants of famous paintings which could not, usually for reasons of fragility, be brought to this country; second, to show instances of ideas and motifs which occur nowhere in Rouault's finished work; third, to show with what vigour and audacity he was prepared to go on enlarging and intensifying his procedures. The notes are based almost entirely on those prepared by M. Bernard Dorival for the showing in the Louvre. All oils on paper are laid on canvas.

100 The Clown with the Drum
Le Clown au Tambour

Oil on paper on canvas, 28⅜x22½

Probably painted between 1903 and 1907, this relates to the series of paintings in which Rouault celebrated his delight in the travelling circus – and in its poignant and fugitive interruptions of Everyday.

101 Clown, Acrobatics (L)
Clown, Acrobaties

Chinese ink, coloured inks and gouache, double-sided, 28½x19½

With *At the Bal Tabarin* (no. 18) this pair of drawings testifies to Rouault's ability to note down the essentials of strenuous movement, as well as to give an Egyptian monumentality to the seated figure.

102 Seated Clown (L)
Clown assis

Gouache, 13x8⅜

Cross-references can often be found between Rouault's paintings and his graphic works. For the present Clown, cf. pp. 60 and 85 of the *Cirque de l'Etoile Filante*.

103 The Big Parade
La Grande Parade

Oil on paper, retouched with white chalk, 25⅝x39⅛

A reversed version, identical in size, of a famous mixed-medium painting of 1907, now in the Bangerter collection (cf. Courthion, p. 142).

104 Acrobat resting
Acrobate au repos

Oil on paper, 39⅜x29⅛

Probably begun around 1913, at the time when (cf. no. 43) the theme of the acrobat first appears in Rouault's *oeuvre*, this painting would seem to have been worked on intermittently till 1940.

105 Punchinello
Polichinelle

Oil on paper, 28x22

Dated by Dorival *'aux environs de* 1910', this has affinities with the famous *Head of a Clown* of 1908 at Dumbarton Oaks, and with the *Clown with Accordeon* of 1906 in a private collection in France.

106 Pierrots with Bouquet (L)
Pierrots au Bouquet

Oil on paper, 12⅝x8⅝

See, for instance, the comparable subject dated *c.* 1946 by Courthion and reproduced by him as no. 451 in his catalogue.

107 Blue Pierrots
Pierrots bleus

Oil on paper, 25⅝x16¾

A late (probably *c.* 1943) example of Rouault's fondness for compositions in which one figure echoes another.
Not exhibited

108 Seated Women, in profile
Filles assises, de profil

Oil on paper, retouched with white chalk, 28⅜x22

Initially undressed, and probably begun somewhere around 1906, these hieratic prostitutes were dressed up in later years by Rouault. For an earlier, tougher version of the subject, see the famous painting in the Bangerter collection (Courthion, p. 119).

109 Nude, seen from the back
Nu, de dos

Oil on canvas, retouched with white chalk, 28⅜x22½

An earlier version of this subject, in gouache, is in the Art Institute of Chicago, and an oil-wash sketch, dated 1906, is in the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. Chalk-marks on this unfinished variant indicate that Rouault had it in mind to carry it further.

110 Nude
Nu à la Jonque

Oil on paper, 38½x28

The figure relates closely to the profiled figure of 1945 which Rouault may have painted with *Les Fleurs du Mal* in mind, and Dorival suggests that the present painting could have been prompted by Baudelaire's *L'Invitation au Voyage*.

111 Composition: Three Nudes
Composition: Trois Nus

Oil and pastel on paper, 28½x20⅞

As an act of homage to Cézanne, this is comparable to the

majestic *Bathers* of *c.* 1910 in the Leigh Block collection (Courthion, p. 165). Throughout his career Rouault was haunted, as here, by the memory of one or another of Cézanne's figures of bathers.

112 Nude study (L)
Etude de nu

Peinture à l'essence on paper, 21x19
Rouault never turned to sculpture as such, but in studies such as this one his feeling for the third dimension comes out strongly. Matisse's *Reclining Nude* of 1907 is not, for instance, very far away.

113 Crouching Nude (L)
Nu courbé

Oil on paper, 5⅞x5⅞

Probably contemporary with the nudes which were intended to illustrate *Les Fleurs du Mal.*

114 Nude, with white background (L)
Nu, fond blanc

Mixed media on paper on canvas, 10⅝x8¼

The bent or crouching figure was particularly suited to the ceramics which Rouault made between 1906 and 1912 in collaboration with Methey. Dorival relates this painting to one dated 1911 and reproduced as no. 84 in Courthion's catalogue.

115 Orpheus (L)
Orphée

Oil on paper, 9¼x8⅝

Rouault saw Orpheus as a painter in continual pursuit of a beloved form that is just out of reach; and in his paintings, in his graphic work, and as a writer of prose-poems he was continually trying to set down his thoughts on the subject. See, for instance, plate no. 27 in *Miserere.*

116 The Girl at the Box-office (L)
La Caissière

Water-colour and gouache, double-sided, 15⅜x12

Rouault did not spare, in 1905, the women who stood guard over the money-box at the travelling-circus; and, some years later, he again came down as hard as he knew how on what seemed to him the degrading side of the outwardly 'brilliant' spectacle.

117 Sketch for a portrait of Verlaine
Etude pour un portrait de Verlaine

Oil on paper, 20¾x14⅜

Rouault loved Verlaine's poetry throughout his life and he made several shots at his portrait. At a time when Verlaine was often held up to opprobrium, he wrote that 'men like Baudelaire and Verlaine may seem to some to have sunk very low. But such is their natural distinction, such the spiritual fragrance which they give off, that at most a word or a glance is needed to put things in their proper perspective.'

118 The Orphans' Court
Tribunal pour Enfants, ni Père, ni Mère

Mixed media on paper on canvas, 11½x7⅞

Dorival relates this to a group of standing judges, dated 1908. But the painting, if begun then, was re-worked later.

119 Red Robe, Black Cap
Robes rouges, Toques noires

Mixed media on paper on canvas, 8½x12⅝

The title refers to a remark which Rouault made in 1921: 'Red robe and black cap make a wonderful splash of colour!'

120 The Tribunal
Tribunal

Oil on canvas, retouched with white chalk, 35x46½

Probably worked over at intervals from 1907 or 1908 until 1950 this is one of the paintings in which, by implication, Rouault contrasts the pseudo-justice of the terrestrial courtroom with the qualities for which the Cross stands guarantee.

121 The man with the burden (L)
L'homme au Fardeau

Oil and gouache on paper, 5⅞x7⅞

Compare plate 4 of the *Miserere* for a variant of that favourite figure with Rouault, the burdened man.

122 Silhouette, the Rag-man
Silhouette, le Chiffonnier

Mixed media on paper on canvas, 17¾x9

123 The Miller (L)
Le Meunier

Inks and gouache, double-sided, 26x19¼

The bowed, massive and brutalized forms fill the whole of the picture-space and almost, in seem, to be moulded by it.

124 The Fugitive (L)
Fugitif

Oil on paper, 16x10⅝

125 Suburb of Lifelong Toil and Suffering
Faubourg des Longues Peines

Oil on paper, 17¾x12⅝

Probably begun around 1912, at the time when Rouault first took up the theme, this painting was re-worked on more than one occasion afterwards. Compare plate 56 in the *Miserere* and page 155 of the *Cirque de l'Etoile Filante.*

Exodus in Winter
Exode hivernal

Oil on paper, 28x38½

One of the grimmest of Rouault's refugee-paintings. Matthew XXIV, v. 20, may have been at the back of the painter's mind.

127 **Christ with a Workman (L)**
Christ et Ouvrier

Oil on paper, 8⅞x6½

Compare plates 38 and 124, and the colour plate on page 82, of the illustrations which Rouault made for Suarès's *Passion*, published by Vollard in 1939.

128 **Piano, Pianissimo**

Indian ink and oil on paper, 12x7⅞

129 **Nose like a Trumpet**
Nez en Trompette

Oil on paper, 10x7⅛

Rouault's sense of fun was kept well down, as a rule, in his art. But here it breaks out.

130 **The Ice-rink (L)**
La Patinoire

Ink and other media on paper, double-sided, 21⅝x26

Rouault rarely conceded anything to ephemeral fashions in his subject-matter, but here the women's costumes, the rink itself and the unwontedly languid linear mode of expression all speak with one voice: that of the first years of this century.

131 **Skeleton on a blue Background**
Squelette sur Fond bleu

Gouache painted on an engraving designed to illustrate *Les Fleurs du Mal*, 17¾x13¼

The motif of the skeleton was one which Rouault often used, though rarely with such intensity as here.

132 **Bouquet in a Green Vase (L)**
Bouquet au Vase vert

Oil on paper, 12¾x8½

133 **Cliff**
Falaise

Mixed media on paper on canvas, 7½x10⅝

This may date from Rouault's visit to Saint-Efflam, in Brittany, in 1914.

134 **Remembering Flanders**
Souvenir des Flandres

Indian ink and pastel, 39⅜x29⅜

Rouault felt himself very much a man of the North. In 1928 he stayed in the Artois, and this was probably painted shortly afterwards.

135 **Remembering the Valais**
Souvenir du Valais

Oil on canvas, 36⅜x22

Painted during or just after a stay of several weeks in Sion in 1929, this shows the two castles of Valère and Tourbillon as they dominate the valley of the Rhône.

136 **Silhouette between two Houses (L)**
Silhouette entre deux Maisons

Oil on paper, 12¼x7⅞

137 **Sing Matins at Dawn**
Chantez Matines au Soleil levant

Oil on paper, 19½x26⅛

Cf. plate 29, which bears the same title, of *Miserere*.

138 **Crossroads (L)**
Carrefour

Oil on paper, 10⅜x8¼

Dorival points out that from 1929–30 onwards Rouault tended more and more towards a cruciform schema for his compositions. Long years of painting and engraving the Crucifixion had led him, that is to say, to see a face, a standing figure, and a landscape in one and the same basic form. Dorival dates this picture from the last years of Rouault's life.

139 **The Flight into Egypt, dark Sea**
Fuite en Egypte, Mer sombre

Oil on paper, 16⅜x21⅛

For the sea, compare no. 133

140 **The Passion**
Passion

Chinese ink and oil on paper, 10⅝x7⅞

Dorival suggests that this may be dated as early as 1905. It would then constitute one of the very earliest of Rouault's portrayals of the head of Christ.

141 **Christ Mocked**
Christ aux Outrages

Oil on paper, 51½x35

A variant of a painting (Courthion cat. no. 225) of 1938.

142 **Descent from the Cross (L)**
La Descente du Croix

Oil on paper, 11¾x7⅞

Except for the painting of 1896, now in the Musée de Grenoble, and for the illustration on page 140 of *Passion*, Rouault seems to have left no other interpretation of the

Descent from the Cross. He had kept a preliminary drawing for the painting of 1895 in his studio, and the pose of the figure of Christ is almost identical with that of the earlier work.

143 The three Crosses (L)
Les trois Croix

Indian ink and oil on paper, 7¼x8⅛

Begun in 1935 and considerably done over later, this is the only treatment of the subject in Rouault's *oeuvre* as a painter.

144 The Resurrection
La Résurrection

Oil on paper, 12¼x7⅛

145 Biblical Landscape, Christ and Fisherman, Twilight (L)
Paysage biblique, Christ et Pêcheur, Crépuscule

Oil on paper, 8¼x8½

'Twilight': but the sun is high in the sky, doubtless to balance the circular masses formed by the heads of Christ and the fisherman.

146 Biblical Landscape, Christ and Fisherman, Morning
Paysage biblique, Christ et Pêcheur, Matin

Mixed media on paper on canvas, 7¾x12¼

In contrast to the heavily-worked and richly-encrusted landscapes of Rouault's later years, this one has an angelic simplicity.

147 Biblical Landscape, the big Tree
Paysage biblique, le grand Arbre

Oil on paper, 22x30

Rouault lived into an age in which 'texturology' was one of the cant-words of art-criticism. But his own paint-structure, and the freedom and daring with which he used colour, were as remarkable as those of any living French painter.

148 Study for Plate 24 of 'Miserere': Winter, the Earth's Leper (L)
Hiver, Lèpre de Terre

Coloured inks and gouache, double-sided, 39¾x28¾

The subject of the mother cast out by her children is one which had haunted Rouault for years before (probably in 1917–18) he made this sketch.

149 Project for an uncompleted plate for 'Miserere': Dura Lex, sed Lex

Oil on canvas, retouched with white chalk, 41x29⅛

Once again, and although he rarely allowed himself any local reference, Rouault must surely have had in mind one particular army: for the soldier in question is distinctly a Frenchman of 1914–18.

150 Project for an uncompleted plate for 'Miserere': Ile de France

Peinture à l'essence over aquatint, laid on canvas, 22½x17⅜

Rouault loved the title *Ile de France* and often used it for scenes where, as here, the dominant note is one of peace and serenity, with water never far distant and an architecture that blends ideally with Nature.

DOCUMENTS

The exhibition includes (in London only) a documentary section assembled by Mrs John Russell from material in the Rouault family archives. This consists primarily of photographs, manuscripts, and a group of objects from the artist's studio. But it also includes the following portraits and self-portraits, which relate either to Rouault himself or to people who were of the first importance in his career:

151 Sketch for a self-portrait
Wash, 23¾x16½
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 53
Not exhibited

152 Self-portrait

1925
Wash and lithographic chalk, 8⅝x6¾
Bibl: Frankfurt, no. 55

153 Self-portrait

1926
Lithograph, 9x6¾

154 Self-portrait

1926
Lithograph, 9x16½

155 Charles Baudelaire

1926
Lithograph, 8¼x6½

156 Four portraits (*Souvenirs Intimes*)

1926
Lithograph, each 9x6 11/16

a. Léon Bloy
b. Joris-Karl Huysmans
c. Gustave Moreau
d. André Suarès

157 Self-portrait

1925–30
Lithograph (artist's proof), 13⅜x9⅝

158 Paul Verlaine

1933
Lithograph, 17 5/16x12¾

Shenval Press

Rouault

BY PIERRE COURTHION

WITH 170 ILLUSTRATIONS INCLUDING
16 HAND-MOUNTED COLOUR PLATES
169 pp. £2 12s 6d

'this present volume should have a lasting value. It comprises, in addition to a catalogue of works, a biography of the subject both as artist and man, a chronology, an extensive bibliography, a selection from the writings of the artist, a list of exhibitions and other features such as notes on the artist's signatures.'

—Sir John Rothenstein in *The Tablet*

'An occupational disease of the art critic . . . is that he takes Thames and Hudson for granted. No other firm, certainly, produces so much that is of consistently reliable quality in the art field.'

—John Russell in *The Sunday Times*

THAMES AND HUDSON

Please write for catalogues to 30 Bloomsbury Street, WC1